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Why Italy's red surge is good for democracy ☐ The outlaws of country rock

JUNE 25, 1976 75 CENTS
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New Times

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The health hazards of beauty products are more than skin deep

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FACT 3. Facts 1 and 2 above are the leading causes of record degradation when quality audio equipment is used.

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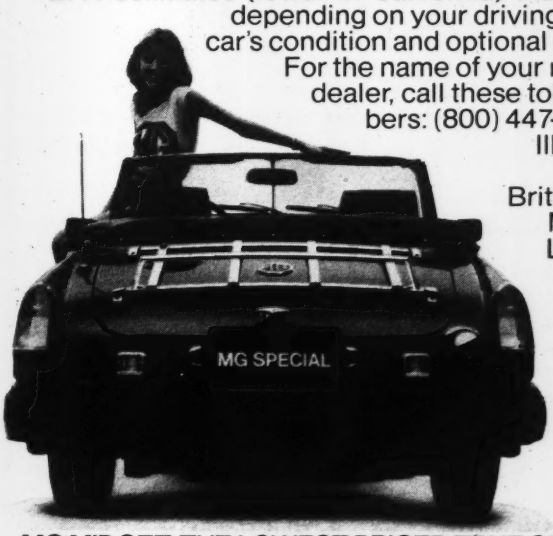

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NewTimes

JUNE 25, 1976
VOLUME 6, NUMBER 13

Memoirs of a CIA psychologist

After seven years of orchestrating the primal screams of agents and screening recruits for "breaking points," Jim Keehner finally ran afoul of the agency and wound up on the "useless person" list.

By Maureen Orth

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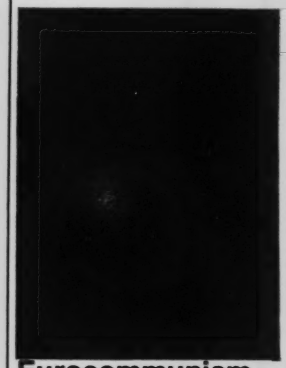

Eurocommunism on the march

Despite Kissinger's threats, Italian communists are gaining strength. Will they destroy democracy—or save it?

By Andrew Kopkind

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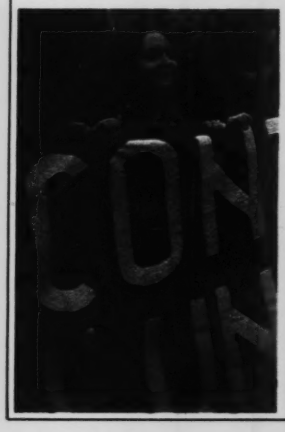

The double life of Jack Coleman

How many white-collar workers secretly would like to be doing blue-collar jobs: regular hours, physical work, tangible results? The president of Haverford College thinks the number is high—and tries to lead the way by hauling trash in his spare time, to the consternation of friends and colleagues.

By Bob Holland

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COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL KING

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Warning: cosmetics may be hazardous to your health

In the past two years, the FDA has recalled 101 cosmetics from store shelves. Of the beauty products that remain, only one thing seems absolutely certain: as much as 60 percent of the chemicals end up in your bloodstream.

By Chris Welles

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Redneck rock

Jerry Jeff Walker, Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson and all the rest of the "outlaws" are rustling up songs in Austin, Texas. But the sounds are often kissin' cousins to the commercial ones coming out of Nashville.

By Robert Ward

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Long live the birds and bees, in D.C. and elsewhere.
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Getting the press back down to earth.
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In defense of New York's City College, the West Point of protest.
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Movies: Hustle
Cannes' off-screen action rivals the stuff on screen.
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Jazz: A big band, a big label.
And big sounds from both.
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An oyster for all seasons.
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To Martha Mitchell.
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WHEN A NEW ALBUM OF SUCH POWER AND BEAUTY AS JOE COCKER'S "STINGRAY" COMES ALONG, IT AFFIRMS ONCE AGAIN WHY JOE HAS A SPECIAL PLACE IN AMERICAN MUSIC.

JOE COCKER "STINGRAY" ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES

Produced by Rob Fraboni

Letters

The lifestyle candidate

For a long time I have been bothered by the way the media continually bombards us with the negative aspects of all political figures. However, Robert Scheer's article on Jerry Brown made me suddenly understand why this is such a necessary and effective method of political reporting ("Demystifying Jerry Brown," May 28). In the upcoming presidential election, no one candidate (Democrat or Republican) is emerging as a very strong, charismatic leader. Indecision is rampant. We will be, in effect, asked to vote for the least offensive, least distrusted candidate. Therefore, we tend to look at the worst characteristics of each man to find whose decisions, statements and actions, collectively, are least offensive.

Claudia Lettieri
New York City

Robert Scheer seemed to be very informed without being informed about anything of a substantial nature—which apparently befits an article about Jerry Brown. Still, Governor Brown is a politician to watch. A man who doesn't know all the answers might not be a bad idea. After all, look at what we've had to face in recent years with politicians who claimed to have answers for almost everything.

Martha Belanger
Richmond, Virginia

Scheer doesn't seem to realize that Brown as a "lifestyle candidate" is making the strongest and most succinct political statement we could ever hope from a candidate—just by his being. Would we prefer it if he spouted Humphrey-type rhetoric?

I'm one of those who would like to hear more about the issues from him. But regardless, Jerry Brown himself is *the issue* for 1976.

Steve Jacques
Beverly Hills, California

Graduation gripes

Cheers and kudos to Michael Wolff for "telling it like it is" in his article "The (upper) Class of '75" (May 28). As the owner of a job counseling and placement service, I all too often have the onerous task of introducing recent college graduates to the realities of the working world. Wolff's comments and insights lend credence to what some of us have demanded for years: a serious reassessment of the quality of working life and a restructuring of an increasingly dysfunctional work ethic.

I plan to furnish every college grad who comes into my office this year with a copy of Mr. Wolff's article.

Dottie Bruce Cook
Washington, D.C.

Technological trend

Congratulations to R.D. Rosen on his article "Computer therapy" (May 28). It is one of the most correctly reported non-technical articles I have read.

Although we are producing third-generation computing machines, we are still in the beginning of the first generation of computer scientists. Our predecessors come to us from physics, electrical engineering, chemistry, etc., while most of us grew up in the late sixties, and have learned to be aware of the implications of our technological achievements. A trend toward a responsible attitude from computer scientists has already begun. Hopefully, a socially conscious attitude from computer science as a whole can result in the peaceful coexistence of people and machines.

Richard A. Belgard
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

Eye of the viewer

Gerry Nadel is ever so right that *Saturday Night* is the first TV show done by and for the generation that came of age in the sixties ("It's Saturday Night," May 28).

Those appalled by the "distastefulness" of it all should restrict their television viewing to the family hour.

Margaret Doherty Fallon
Menlo Park, California

If Gerry Nadel had spent more time reviewing *previous Saturday Night* shows and interviewing the people of *Saturday Night* instead of trying to remember every Totie Fields joke, he probably would have turned out a more enlightening and entertaining piece.

E.R. Paradiso
Rochester, New York

Panamanian problems

Steve Diamond's article "The Panama time bomb" (May 14) was one of the better commentaries I have read on the Canal Zone/Panama issue. As a child of American citizens residing in the Canal Zone, my sympathies are with the Zonians. And they, after taking a close look at what the Panamanians have not yet done for their own personal sanitation, are naturally horrified at the thought of what the Canal Zone and the canal would become if Panama were to "take over" completely.

I echo what so many Zonians feel and say: let the Panamanians show that they care for the rest of their country and start acting responsibly. Don't just take U.S. tax dollars and stuff them in some private Swiss bank account. At present, Panama and Torrijos remain screaming, demanding children—wanting something they cannot take care of. To relinquish our stake in Panama is just not logical . . . for us and the rest of the world.

Mary Gruman
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Off the mark

Your Insider is stale and off the mark. The marbles incident ("A Pat on their backs," May 28) happened over a year ago. The only thing I've learned since then is I shouldn't have limited it to Republicans.

Secondly, the item berating Congress for passing oodles of commemorative laws like National Artichoke Month ("Dog days") may apply to the Senate, but not to the House. Last year, when I took over the House Subcommittee on Census and Population, which has jurisdiction over such commemorative events, we wrote up a strict new policy limiting consideration of commemorative legislation to a few proposals of national significance which have been co-sponsored by a majority of members. As a result, the number of House-passed commemorative bills dropped to almost none.

Patricia Schroeder
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Editor's Note: In fact, since Pat Schroeder joined the subcommittee in April 1975, the House has passed five commemorative bills: St. Elizabeth Seton Day, National Family Week, National Bicentennial Highway Safety Year, National Employ the Older Worker Week and Thomas Jefferson Day.

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Fulminations

Doing it/By Larry L. King

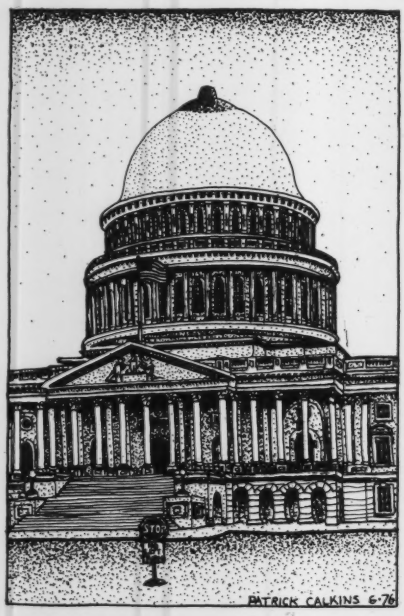
They are hunkered down in the bunkers in Washington since word escaped that our public officials get a little on the side. To an outside observer it seems a little silly, all this hysteria over the news that our congressmen, senators, past presidents and would-be presidents have found a certain comfort outside their respective homes. Looked at from the standpoint of the politician, however, one better understands the fear and panic: Americans are notoriously hypocritical and hung up over their sex lives, quicker to cheer their sons carrying guns on parade than to approve their reaching under the bedcovers, even when sleeping alone.

I venture the bold guess that the married American male of my acquaintance—politician or otherwise—who never hanky-pankys is almost as rare as the swimming stone. If we must put a statistic to it, let me offer the loose infidelity figure of 92 percent, with the understanding that any personal friend who feels threatened by this revelation is entitled to a notarized letter exempting him from the majority. No questions asked. It taking two to tango, my corollary theory is that not all the nice mommies of the world are content to sleep in one bed. As the song goes: "Birds do it/Bees do it/Even educated fleas do it. . . . "

And why not? One of the problems I've always had with my liberty-loving conservative friends, who lecture me about restricting free enterprise or individual instincts, is their contradictory and unbecoming concern over what uses others make of their private gadgets. I'm for folks selling it if they can, or giving it away should they prefer. It is my contention we'd have fewer divorces, axe murders and people galumphing off to the shrink three times weekly for seven years if we'd simply approve each doing it according to one's ability and/or need. Such a policy would keep away more doctors than all the world's apples. If the omnipotent They would just get the consarned guilt off our collective backs, every day of the year could be a sexual holiday: goodies and bright packages to be unwrapped and fireworks and tinsel and sirens for all.

Those who wish to be stubbornly monogamous—even doing it with the lights out and their gowns on—have my blessing to the same degree as those who wish to do it in bunches and clusters while bathed by spotlights in Macy's window. Here's a toast in equal measure to those who get their kicks being lashed by whips, gnawing on toes or scarfing foamy dessert toppings secondhand. I rejoice for those who prefer to make it with members of the same sex as much as for those who prefer plain-vanilla heterosexuality, and sometimes I suspect that it is not blondes but bisexuals who have the most fun.

I am for the married doing it to each other, and to others if they wish. I am for the game including men and women, boys and girls, roosters and hens; I lament the sad condition of the steer. I become a pious person only



when considering rape, necrophilia or bestiality—and then only because the parties of the second part have not given their vital consent. In short, I urge the proposition that sex in almost any form beats picking cotton, heavy lifting or making war.

One time Betty Ford said she possibly wouldn't curl up and die should her 18-year-old daughter discover sex, and another time she admitted without blushing that she likes to hug Ol' Jere's neck in the dark at each opportunity. Well sir, you'd have thought that gentle lady had surrendered the Panama Canal or endorsed busing. Preachers and columnists and past post buglers of the Veterans of Foreign Wars throwed theirselves many public conniptions, accusing her of everything but common sense, though I opine hers were the sanest words to escape the White House since Lincoln allowed as how it might be fair to free the slaves.

I was down in Washington recently, and every politician I encountered wanted to hit poor old Wayne Hays over the head because of the institutional embarrassment he's caused. Hell, I'm not mad at Wayne Hays. I can't even get seriously indignant that maybe he paid Ms. Elizabeth Ray something like $14,000 annually, from my taxes and yours, for her special night work even though she admits having trouble licking so much as stamps during her vertical hours.

If I thought our statesmen would relax themselves among the sheets, finding adventure and tenderness and joy and special sharings, then I'd hie myself down to Washington and lobby for a Hanky-Panky Fund for them to the very last in number. It would be ever so much more uplifting than watching them spend our tax dollars on napalm or brush wars, or bailing out Lockheed Aircraft in reward for its mismanagement, or hiring CIA gunslingers, or tapping around on our telephones. It does not frighten me half so much to hear rumors of sexual orgies in the hideaway quarters of the Speaker of the House as to think of congressional leaders meeting there to do mischief to our civil liberties.

One of the best persons I know—and whose name shall not surface here—enjoyed sexual congress for several years with John F. Kennedy. I do not think she, the Republic or his memory is any the worse for it. It is my hope that Richard Milhous Nixon is "guilty" of writing those controversial love letters which recently have surfaced, and I'd admire knowing that when Tricky Dicky was away from home that maybe . . . well, I mean, wouldn't it be nice to think of Pat whooping and rejoicing in a special way, forgetting for a happy spell all those numb years of receiving lines and frozen smiles?

There are hints a current presidential hopeful may be involved in extracurricular activities. So what? I'll take for my president a man who hears cooing pillow talk over one who might fancy he heard voices advising him to push the little red button and wipe out the Godless Communists. ●

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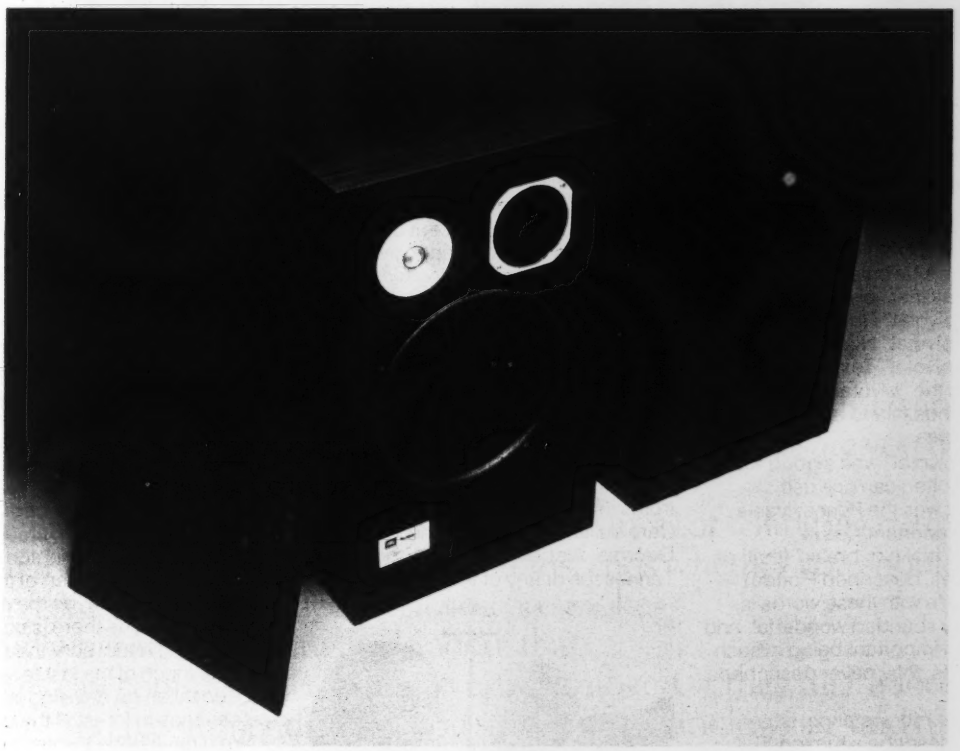

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Party Lines

The press and the people/By Robert Sam Anson

Charleston, S.C.—I'm sorry to see the primary season come to an end, and just when I was ready to add another key to my typewriter, a key that would spell out "pivotal." "Pivotal" has been everyone's favorite word this year. There was that "pivotal" Iowa caucus, the "pivotal" New Hampshire primary, the "pivotal" North Carolina primary, the "pivotal" Texas primary, not to mention the "pivotal" New York, Rhode Island and Oregon primaries.

Yes, "pivotal" was a good word. After all, how often can one use "crucial" (that was the Pennsylvania primary) or "important" (as in California) or "make or break" (that, as memory serves, described Florida). The only trouble with these words is that while they sounded wonderful, and made you feel important being in such exciting places, they never described reality.

"Pivotal," for instance, is supposed to describe a turning. But what turned after any of the "pivotal" primaries? The only answer is campaign planes full of reporters and politicians, heading off to another "pivotal" primary. And another. And another.

It never seemed to matter much that "pivotal" was being so misused. There are ways to cover embarrassment: phrases like "stunning upset," "unexpected turnabout." And if a reporter was smart, he could always hedge his bets with the word "seems"—"Jimmy Carter *seems*" (how many times have I read that this year)—or a judicious adjective—"An all but certain victor."

And besides, who was keeping track? Did anyone really care that such seers as Evans and Novak were wrong, plumb dead wrong, week after week, month after month? You couldn't tell it from the circulation figures. Somehow the press is isolated, not only from reality but from the consequences of its own mistakes.

Every once in a while, though, something happens, something that cuts through all the crap and, like a slap in the face, reminds you that there is a real world out there and it *is* keeping track. That something happened to me not long ago. It was a letter from New Jersey, written by a young man who describes himself as an "amateur writer." He had always wondered, the young man wrote, what "professional writers" did when they had nothing to say. A recent column I had written on Jimmy Carter's victory in Pennsylvania had provided him with the answer: "They write nothing and get it published."

Oh, how true. A few days later I was packing my bags for a trip that has brought me here, the land of tobacco fields and Stuckey stands, miles from the *New York Times* and Georgetown dinner parties, for a month of listening and doing penance. There are no great truths in South Carolina or North Carolina and probably none in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee or any of the other places

UPI

I'll be wandering the next few weeks. But there are people—not crowds at airport rallies, or scientific samples of representative voters—just ordinary folks you can talk to over a fence post. And when you do, you soon discover it's not just the politicians who are in trouble this year, it's us, the people who write about them, depend on them and, in a curiously symbiotic way, make them possible.

There is not much love lost for Yankee reporters in the South, and it's not for the reasons you'd expect—namely, that we're liberal or from the North. Just that we're so wrong, about the country, and about the South in particular. A small-town lawyer I visited in Anson County, North Carolina (how could I resist going there), summed it up pretty neatly. "You know what you fellas are like?" he said. "You're like the fella who's watchin' two boys fightin'. They're tired and they want to quit fightin', and they're just about to, when another fella pushes 'em back at each other. You're that other fella."

Yessir, that good ole North Carolina boy is on to something. For reasons that still aren't clear, the country seems (there's that word again) to have made up its mind that Jimmy Carter is the right man for the moment. That much, at least, has been clear almost from the beginning. The inevitability of Carter, though, has discomforted Washington and, since we are so much a part of that town, the press as well. Maybe the press likes conflict. Maybe there is something unsettling about sure things. In any case, much of the last few months has been taken up devising improbable scenarios to forestall the preordained. We'd have done the same thing for anyone else who wanted to run, just to make things interesting. All of which seems like good clean fun until you start talking to people and hear them parroting back phrases taken directly from the evening news. In recent days, I have heard worries expressed about Carter's vagueness on the issues, about his religion, even about his lack of humor. The worries never seem to go deeper than those phrases. And, after a while, you can't help but wonder: is the press reporting the national debate, or creating it?

The terrible truth, though, is that most people in the South, and I suspect that goes for the North and the West as well, are simply ignoring the press, and that we are really talking to each other, repeating the same pivotal, important, crucial, make or break truths in a vacuum of our own creation.

Mark Shields, the political consultant, says it best. Washington, he says, speaking of both its politicians and reporters, has created the only system known to man for "the recycling of pure garbage." I quote that as a reporter who has recycled more than his share. The trouble is that the people, like the amateur writer in New Jersey, are on to us. Thank God it's a long time to November. They may yet forget. They always have. ●

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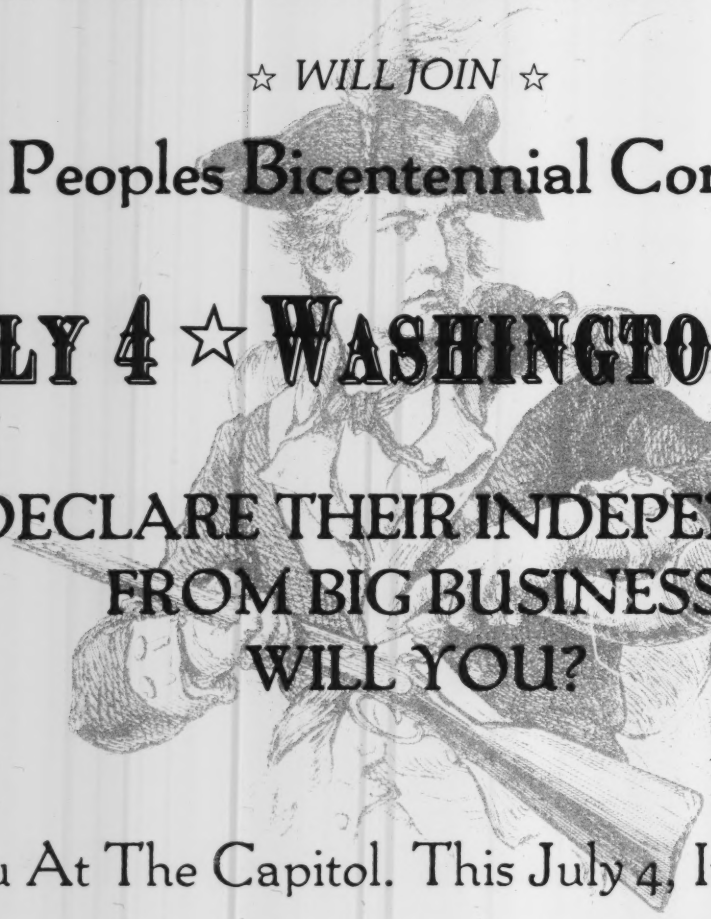

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The Ruling Class

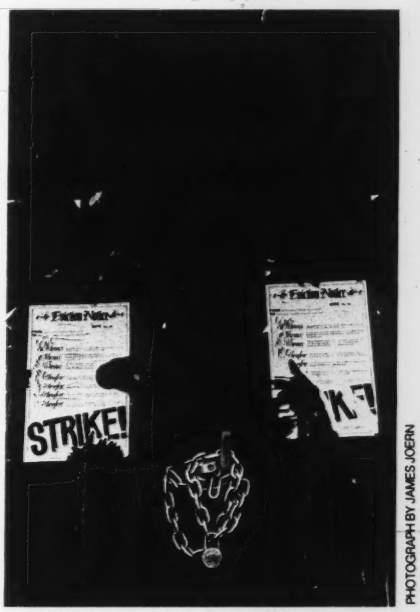
Academies of the poor/By Robert Scheer

Berkeley, California—New York's City College, CCNY, CUNY or whatever they call it today, is going down the tubes. At the insistence of New York State and the group of Ivy League bankers who now run New York City, the city's colleges, after failing to meet staff payrolls, were forced this month to impose tuition. Thus ends their long tradition of offering free education to those who most needed it.

There are only two things in this country that I have consistently believed in: one was CCNY, the other the Bill of Rights, and I like them both for their disheveled and implicitly revolutionary spirit. I have never bought the argument that the Bill of Rights should be limited by the needs of bureaucratic efficiency, and for the same reason I don't care if City College manages to balance its budget. CCNY is a national institution—for 129 years it has replenished the American spirit with immigrant vitality and, in the process, has earned the reputation of being the West Point of protest. It is also the only undergraduate school to produce four Nobel prize-winners. In short, it is a nationally important institution with standards which ought to be maintained with sufficient doses of federal funds.

If New York has always been the haven for the displaced, then City College (and the 42nd Street Public Library) has been their true melting pot. My own vision of the diversity of freedom was first formed by hanging out in the old City College cafeteria, whose dank alcoves each housed a different political ideology or religious tendency. It was a great bazaar of ideas and, depending on which way you turned, you could encounter a Trotskyite, a *Yeshiva bochor,* an Ayn Rand libertarian or a Black Nationalist. The classes themselves were encounter sessions before that term was co-opted. In my circle, the debates spilled over and the subway ride to work would find us hanging from a strap, arguing about whether Dostoevsky was a reactionary and whether that mattered.

Of course I'm romanticizing the place. There were plenty of schmucks playing it safe and trying to get out as quickly as they could to make some bucks, but that was never the overwhelming sense of City. Even the schmucks were enamoured with ideas—they just wanted to get with whatever ideas were most fashionable in the Wasp world that would ultimately decide whether they got to go on to graduate or professional school. But it was hard to put on airs at City, it being next to impossible to affect that precise sense of cool Ivy League diffidence or upper-class alienation when you spent your nights in the Bronx and worked at Grossinger's on the weekends. Most of City's students lived in their parents' lower- and lower-middle-class homes and were somewhat accountable for their affectations. Anybody can go away and be crazy, but to do it at home, with parents who just put in a hard day at work, is a tempering experience. Similar things could be said about other big city public



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES JOERN

colleges like Wayne State in Detroit, and I would be for federal support of those institutions as well. Free colleges in the bigger cities should be basic to any federal war on poverty because, in addition to providing skills to the children of the poor, they have trained a new leadership for the disadvantaged.

But if city colleges are to be the academies of the poor, they must also be institutions with high standards and not merely dumping grounds for unemployed youth. It is for this reason that I cannot understand the open admissions policy which has been foisted on CCNY in recent years. No one is done a favor by being told he has a right to go to college if he isn't going to learn anything and probably won't graduate. City used to be known for its high standards. You didn't have to be a genius to get in. But you had to hustle in high school and score well on an entrance exam. In keeping with its tradition, City should now be 90 percent Black and Puerto Rican, just as it was once 90 percent Jewish and before that 90 percent German and Irish, but that has to be accomplished by upgrading the high schools and the neighborhoods. New York could also make more effective use of the junior college system to prepare minority students for the four-year colleges; instead, the proud flagship, CCNY, has been mercilessly meshed into a pornographic-sounding educational conglomerate called CUNY, thereby losing its identity and standards.

In any event, the imposition of tuition will make it that much more difficult for City to be useful to New York's minorities. To have open admissions and at the same time require tuition is an absurd contradiction. But it is typical of the planning of those who now claim to be saving New York City. Power is openly in the hands of a motley crew of banker types, and what they are doing to the budget is the social welfare equivalent of red-lining. Notions of fiscal responsibility are being used to destroy the best achievements of this progressive and egalitarian city. These same characters, who were responsible for bankrupting New York City in the first place through their blind following of Nelson Rockefeller's grand visions, now find public education an easy target to cover their failures. It is odd that these gentlemen, so well-versed in the art of securing federal funds for one business boondoggle after another, cannot now secure them to save New York. Ironically, they are the first to threaten to move their businesses out of the city if an attempt is made to make them pay their fair share of taxes. New York is big and costly in large part because it must perform as an international city for international business, and a proportionately higher profits tax would seem to be in order. Barring this unlikely source of funds, I am still for federal monies to bail out the city beginning with its free college system. New York City is the real intellectual, political and economic capital of this country, and it should be supported as such by the rest of us. ●

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The Insider

BY TONY SCHWARTZ

Jerry "Flippum Back" Ford/Why women outlive men

Politics

Tempest in a teepee

The rather unceremonious nickname "Flippum Back" may not strike a familiar chord, but it happens to be the secret tribal name for our very own President, a.k.a. Gerald Ford.

This little-known aspect of Ford's past was unearthed recently by Ann Arbor attorney Elmer E. White. Seems that in 1934 Ford became a member of the Tribe of Michigauma, an exclusive and secret University of Michigan society whose members were chosen from among student athletes and leaders. As a center on the football team, Ford was an obvious choice—and so was his nickname. On the occasion of his honor, the minutes for the meeting read: "The name of Jerry Ford was brought up as a new pale face. Call um roll—initiate Flippum Back Ford. Give um future athletes' jobs, pledged board jobs, as well as with merchants." (The latter item refers to a common practice in those days. College athletes were supported by local merchants, who gave them jobs for which they were never required to show up.)

Of late, however, Michigauma has run into some flak. In 1972 it was the subject of a formal complaint to the Michigan Civil Rights Commission by a group calling itself American Indians Unlimited. AIU charged that Michigauma's initiation rites were "racist" and insulting to Indian culture and heritage. Members and initiates of Michigauma conducted an annual ceremony that consisted of donning feathers and loincloths and dousing their bodies in red brick powder. To the accompaniment of a tom-tom, initiates were required to duck-walk across the campus. They were also mock scalped, whipped and beaten by whooping "redskins."

WIDE WORLD

Ford: the Indian heritage

Although the public practice was ended following the complaint, Michigauma has been attacked more recently by feminist groups, which claim that the all-male organization discriminates against women, in violation of the 1972 Title IX amendments of the Education Act.

All of which may come as a surprise to old Flippum Back, who has more immediate concerns at the moment. A White House spokesman said he could find no evidence that Ford maintained active ties with Michigauma.

Bearing Hoffman

You remember Julius J. Hoffman, the autocratic ringmaster in the circus trial of the Chicago 7. Well, the flinty Senior Federal Court Judge is alive, well and apparently no more popular with Chicago lawyers today than he was with radicals in the sixties.

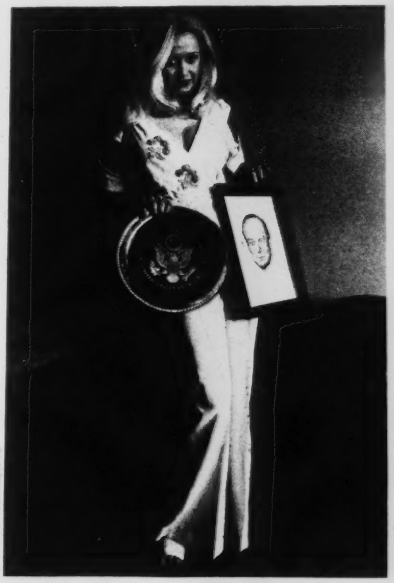
Five thousand lawyers were recently asked to rate 15 federal judges as "Worthy of Advancement" and "Worthy of Retention" in a survey conducted by the city's Council of Lawyers in conjunction with the nonprofit Fund for Justice. Hoffman finished dead last in both categories.

Of the 417 lawyers who rated him, 92.9 percent did not consider Hoffman worthy of advancement. The judge fared only slightly better in the retention category. A scant 21.6 percent of 424 lawyers indicated he was worth retaining. Totally unfazed, Hoffman plans to stay on the bench. Only impeachment proceedings or death itself can unseat him.

Raking Hays

Why did Elizabeth Ray decide to tell all?

To find out more about how the story evolved, we phoned up Rudy Maxa, the 26-year-old *Washington Post* reporter who helped break it. Maxa and fellow *Post* staffer Marion Clark, 33, first talked with Elizabeth Ray on a stalled Metroliner train ride between New York and Washington, D.C., a year and a half ago. Their curiosity was piqued when Ray said that she worked on the Hill, but was loathe to provide any details. Thinking that she might be a good source for the gossip column that Maxa then wrote in the *Post*'s *Potomac* magazine, he and Clark began calling her every few weeks. Twice she made lunch dates, and twice she failed to show up.



ED STREEKY/CAMERA 5

Ray: tattle tale

The silence finally broke after Wayne Hays called Ray on April 6 to inform her he was getting married the following week. Hays told her there would be a reception in Washington, D.C., on April 23, but that she was not invited.

Ray was so angry about the conversation that she headed over to Hays' office to confront him. According to Maxa, Hays was expecting his fiancée at any moment. Anxious to avoid a confrontation, he called the Capitol Hill police and had them escort Ray out of the building. She immediately called the two *Post* reporters and started talking.

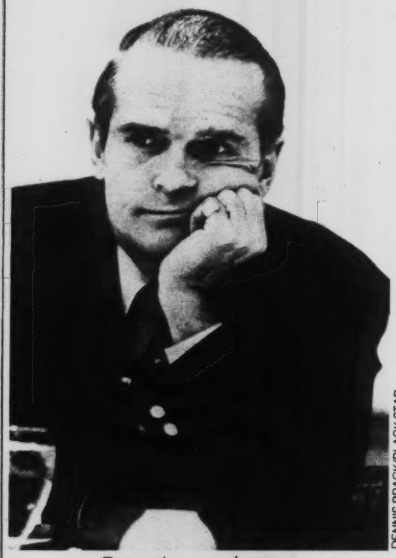
Beginning that day—April 6—and until their first story was published on May 23, Maxa and Clark tailed Ray constantly. "We seriously considered hiding in her bedroom closet to watch her make it with Hays, but we finally decided against it," says Maxa. Instead, he and

Clark followed the couple wherever they went, and listened in on a number of their phone calls—all with Ray's cooperation.

Scoops pay, and now Maxa and Clark are assigned to temporary seats on the *Post*'s national desk. They are part of a special team that includes Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong, a researcher on Woodstein's *Final Days*. Under the direction of the highly respected *Post* veteran Lawrence Stern, the special team is looking into other congressional dillydallying.

Type-casting

William Proxmire is one senator who long ago made certain an Elizabeth



DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Proxmire: no danger

Ray would never find her way into his office. When the Wisconsin Democrat was first elected in 1957, he laid down a law: anybody hired to be a secretary in his office would be required to take a typing test, and score at least 70 words a minute. Proxmire himself types his own press releases and speech drafts, and aides at all levels are required to type their own memos and drafts. None of them has his own secretary, and instead, final drafts are done by a typing pool.

And don't think Proxmire isn't serious. When he hired well-known political operative Mark Shields as a legislative assistant several years ago, he asked if Shields could type. Shields said yes—but slowly—and Proxmire offered to send him to typing school. No sense taking chances, right?

Campaign Notes

Although George McGovern recently endorsed Mo Udall's presidential bid, the Arizona congressman is less than pleased with the result. According to a Udall aide, McGovern made his endorsement after Udall agreed to concentrate his money and manpower on the South Dakota primary, rather than the Montana and Rhode Island primaries held the same day. However, on primary eve, McGovern fired two of his aides, Alan Baron and Jack Quinn, for participating in a "stop Carter" movement. That move did much to focus attention away from McGovern's endorsement of Udall, because it became the major news carried on South Dakota television and radio on primary day. Udall ended up losing the primary to Jimmy Carter by a scant 4,613 votes.

The Arizona congressman's aides feel the timing amounted to sabotage. For the record, Udall was more circumspect but no less clear: "He [McGovern] could have at least waited until the day after the primary."

•The maneuvering described above proves that nice guys do finish last. Now Mo Udall may have to make his last stand against Jimmy Carter over the Democratic platform. Carter wants a general statement of goals, while the Udall forces are preparing to push for specific endorsements of the Kennedy-Corman health insurance plan and the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment bill, among others.

•Speaking of specifics, the candidate who has made a profession out of vagueness, Jerry Brown, is being urged by aides to emphasize substantive proposals in the last month before the convention. Two possibilities are being considered: a national health insurance speech and a federal version of Brown's recent state tax reform, which exempts low-income families and individuals from California income taxes. The point would be to shore up the credibility of Brown's attacks on Carter's vagueness, in the event that the Georgian's campaign finally falters.

DEBORAH ELLEN MCLEAN/BLACK STAR

Udall: undercut

•There are deals aplenty in the celebrity-filled race for the Democratic Senate nomination in New York. For months, blacks in the state have been resisting the favorite of the regulars, Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Black leaders, who represent a powerful constituency in the state, have never forgiven Moynihan for his famous "benign neglect" statement six years ago. The regulars, meanwhile, oppose the nomination of either Representative Bella Abzug or former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, both of whom they view as too liberal to win—and too independent. Thus a compromise candidate has been agreed upon: Paul O'Dwyer, president of the City Council in New York City. In return, O'Dwyer has promised to leave that post open to a bid by black Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton. Blacks thus succeed both in getting rid of Moynihan and in putting Sutton first in line to succeed Abe Beame as mayor. In return, the regulars get O'Dwyer, who is regarded as liberal but cooperative.

There's just one problem: no official Democratic Party designee for governor or senator has been elected since Robert Kennedy in 1964.

Rizzo: cop out?

Lost in the furor over Mayor Frank Rizzo's call for federal troops to contain the Bicentennial celebration in Philadelphia is the accelerating recall campaign against the mayor himself.

Rizzo's problems began even before his landslide election last fall. Considerable controversy arose over the financing of his lavish Philadelphia mansion. Then, in the spring, the mayor denounced as treason a satirical column about him in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. The move backfired when the network news showed Rizzo loyalists blockading the newspaper during a 12-hour siege. Even longtime Rizzo supporters were appalled by the spectacle. The last straw occurred last month, after word was leaked that Philadelphia faces financial disaster and needs a massive influx of new taxes to stay afloat.

A recall drive was initiated by liberal groups and, to the astonishment of Rizzo aides, it appears on the road to success. Organizers say they now have more than the 148,000 signatures necessary to force Rizzo into a choice between resignation or a yes-no recall election. In a recent *Philadelphia Bulletin* poll, 57 percent said they wanted Rizzo out, including a surprising 40 percent in the mayor's longtime stronghold, South Philadelphia.

Mind & Body

Live and less live

It may seem anomolous that though men are physically stronger than women, they don't live as long—an average of 79 for women, 68 for men. Is the reason that men are really biologically weaker? No, says University of Pennsylvania biologist Ingrid Waldron. In *The Journal of Human Stress*, she makes a convincing argument that men die younger because they lead physically and psychologically more hazardous lives. Consider:

•Three times as many men die in car accidents, and Dr. Waldron says the major cause is that men drive more recklessly. Studies show, for example, that men are 50 percent more likely to run red lights and turn without signaling.

•Men are four times as likely to be heavy drinkers, and in turn die of cirrhosis of the liver at twice the rate of women.

•Three times as many men kill themselves and four times as many are drug addicts.

•Six times as many men die of lung cancer—and five times as many of emphysema—presumably because men smoke more and start earlier than women.

•Heart attacks kill two men for every woman, and many doctors now believe the key element in heart disease is not a weak heart but a stressful, hyper-competitive lifestyle.

Surprisingly, Dr. Waldron sees cause for optimism in the figures. "Each factor contributing to men's excess mortality involves a behavior more socially acceptable for males than for females. But now that the old sexual stereotypes are breaking down, the pressure on men to risk danger, drink hard, drive fast, etc., is letting up. My conclusion is that men will soon start living longer."

Pure junk?

We've given the fast food chains a tough rap in this column, but fair's fair, and so here's a bit of news the promotion departments at McDonald's and Burger King are bound to appreciate.

New York pediatrician Laurence Finberg recently called in orders to several McDonald's and Burger King's for a typical fast food meal: cheeseburger, french fries and a milkshake. When he analyzed the contents, he found little fat, high protein and virtually all the essential vitamins and minerals. About all that was really lacking were Vitamins A and D and folic acid. But as Dr. Finberg points out, these can be made up if the rest of the day's intake includes two glasses of milk and a salad.

"While one would not recommend a diet consisting solely of such meals," Dr. Finberg concluded in the *American Journal of Diseases of Children*, "they are in no way unreasonable when eaten even once a day."

Keeping up

Ever wonder why you sleep nine hours a night just to feel okay, and your successful friends seem sprightly and effervescent after just five? It's a question that has baffled researchers, but now there is evidence that personality may be a factor.

At the Tufts University Sleep Lab in Boston, research psychiatrist Ernest Hartmann screened 400 subjects, and then chose 29 particularly long and short sleepers, all of them men, to study in detail. He didn't study those in the normal seven-to-eight hour range.

Hartmann found that those who sleep nine hours or more a night

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tended to be chronic worriers. They had trouble making decisions and taking action, had a great many mild psychological and somatic complaints and were deeply involved in their everyday problems.

Men who slept six hours or less, on the other hand, were extroverted, efficient and socially adept. Not that they were any less neurotic, however. Dr. Hartmann described them as "to a great extent preprogrammed; they had established routines regulating their behavior, activities, even their social interactions. They kept everything under control."

Seventies

Hailing the taxi

General Motors refused to participate in the innovative mass transportation project, calling it too time-consuming and costly. Ford, Chrysler and American Motors said the same thing. But Emilio Ambasz, curator of design at the Museum of Modern Art, was determined that a totally new taxi be designed. Today's taxis, he reasoned, use vast amounts of energy, foul the air

Taxis: how they'll be

and aren't particularly safe or comfortable.

The curator then approached foreign car manufacturers. Volvo and Volkswagen of Europe accepted the challenge to produce working prototypes, as did Steam Power Systems and American Machine and Foundry. They were both underwritten by Mobil Oil and the U.S. Department of Transportation.

The results go on display this month at the Museum of Modern Art. All the cabs were designed to meet specifications drawn up by the museum, the New York City Taxi and Limousine Commission, taxi owners and engineers. There's enough room in each of the cabs, for instance, to allow a person in a wheelchair to enter while still seated. The "Volks" version is equipped with an electric motor and a gas engine to save energy, while the AMF and SPS taxi is equipped with special save-the-legs bumpers, designed to minimize impacts between man and machine.

But are the taxis, on display in a museum, really practical? The exhibit's designers hope to find out: they've invited New York taxi cab drivers to visit free, drive the cars and comment on their performance.

Ducking the issue

Donald Duck as a sexist, a racist and an imperialist to boot? That's the message in a Marxist critique of the Disney character entitled *How To Read Donald Duck*. Written by Chilean literary critic Ariel Dorfman and Belgian sociologist Armand Mattelhart, it has already become an underground classic in Chile. The book has gone through 15 editions in the original Spanish and has been translated into English, Italian and Portugese.

Here in Donald's home country, however, the book has been effectively banned. International General, the book's publisher, is currently engaged in a legal tug-of-war with the U.S. Customs Service over several thousand copies of the English edition that were seized on their way to the U.S. Disney has accused the authors of infringing on its copyright by lifting panels from genuine Donald Duck strips. According to Disney lawyer Franklin Waldheim, "A parent, seeing the book with the title *How To Read Donald Duck* and flipping the pages adorned with Disney comics, would think that this is a work which may help his child in learning how to read. To be sure, after purchase the parent and child would be disappointed, but the parents' dollar would be gone. . . . That dollar is one that Disney should have received."

International General lawyer Peter Weiss retorts that "this is a censorship case in the guise of a copyright case. If graphic material is used to make a political point, then there's no way to criticize the political content of that material unless you reproduce it. Otherwise, people won't know what you're talking about." Weiss intends to take the case to court unless Customs, which has tied up the book for nearly a year, agrees to release it. Perhaps then we might finally learn how to read Donald Duck.

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MEMOIRS OF A CIA PSYCHOLOGIST

With the help of handwriting analysis, a test called the Psychological Assessment System and 30,000 personality files, Jim Keehner spent seven years screening CIA agents and recruits. He's now on the agency's "useless person" list

By Maureen Orth

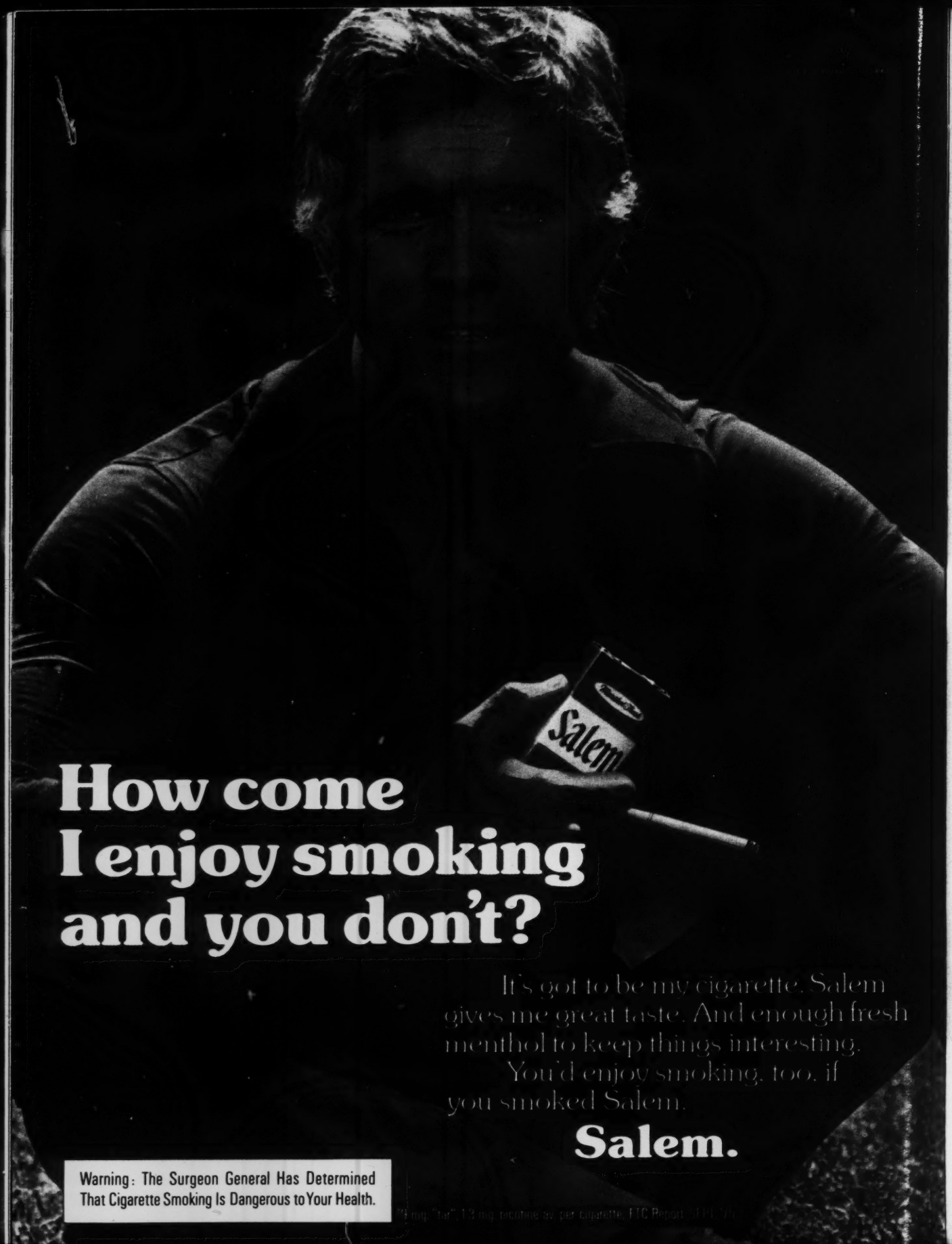
The young CIA case officers looked intently at their instructor. He was holding up a lemon. "I want you to take this lemon," he said, "and never let it leave you for the next three or four days. Smell it, touch it. Tell me your feelings about it. Get to know your lemon like you've never known another lemon in your life. This is an order."

The instructor was teaching "Personality Theory." He was a CIA psychologist, an expert called upon to train fresh clandestine operators in some of the secret arts of intelligence work. The lemon exercise was supposed to measure and improve their sensitivity, and the trainees were required to turn in written "contact" reports several days later. It was the usual mix. Some had developed meaningful relationships with their fruits. They rhapsodized for three pages about their lemons and had no trouble picking them out from a bowl of dozens. One nonconformist, however, merely drew a big picture of his lemon and labeled it with a question mark. Still, the instructor, Jim Keehner, was pleased. "I was trying to get them in contact with their feelings," he explained. "Feelings had been left out of their previous training, which is all cognitive."

In 1968 the CIA hired Jim Keehner as a specialist in the agency's ongoing effort to increase the psychological skills and awareness of its employees. A CIA case officer's prime duty is to recruit "agents" among foreign citizens around the world, and the agency has a vital interest in any method—no matter how far out—that promises to reveal weaknesses, vulnerabilities and psychic pressure points in possible recruits.

The CIA, in fact, has become one of the world's foremost laboratories for unusual psychological techniques. Keehner's office in the agency's Technical Service Division had a mandate to test anything—from hallucinogenic drugs to computerized handwriting analysis—that would help case officers manipulate their agents or other unsuspecting potential agents. Keehner's mission was to teach other CIA officers how to bring agents under control. Ironically, the negative nature of his work loosened his own self-control and brought him to the point of a complete breakdown. Still bearing the marks of his shattering experience, Keehner hesitantly agreed to provide a portrait of the agency's psychological operations.

ILLUSTRATION BY IGNACIO GOMEZ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Keehner was in the living room of his Georgetown apartment, giving me the CIA's specially designed personality test. According to Keehner, the results of this test would tell him my basic genetic formula: whether I was born an extrovert or an introvert, whether I was moral or amoral, whether I'd be more loyal to a person or a cause, even what sort of torture would be most effective against me.

I tried hard to duplicate the geometric designs on the paper Keehner showed me. I had to construct the designs using pieces of a plastic building block. A clock on the table next to us clicked away, but I was oblivious. "Time!" Keehner called. I managed to complete every design, but it took me too long. I flunked. Keehner seemed overjoyed. "Oh, you're an F," he said. "I knew you were an F. They're sensitive, creative and clumsy." I was taking the test so that Keehner might trust me. We had met for the first time only a few hours before, and most of the time Keehner was uncomfortable and nervous. "Would a Catholic talk to the Devil?" he asked. "That's what the CIA thinks of talking to the press."

But I scored very high on trustworthiness, and that seemed to ease his concern. He was also unscientifically biased in my favor because I had the same "basic personality formula" as his former fiancée. He began to relax, but only a little.

To Jim Keehner, relaxing means sitting in the window of a "safe house" chain-smoking cigarettes and wondering who is watching from outside. He also checks for the three-agent team (ABC "surveillance patterns") when he's walking down the street, and fears that anything written about him and the CIA will be subject to instant sabotage by his former superiors. His natural wit is almost drowned in a terminal case of paranoia, perhaps because he is aware that he is an official outcast, a name on the CIA's "useless person" list.

It wasn't always so. A small, thin, 36-year-old Kentuckian, Keehner spent six years traveling the world for the CIA with a packet of suicide pills in his pocket. He never forgot the motto of his office: "Every man has his price." His job was to find the weakest part of a foreign agent's character, his "squeaky board," and then tell the CIA how to step on it. He tested European bankers, Near Eastern journalists, Vietnamese farmers, a Buddhist monk and an African hashish smuggler. He told them he was testing their aptitude, but he was really charting how their minds worked.

"We liked some people with low intelligence who would follow orders," Keehner said. "Then there were some mean ones, the killers. But basically I tested nondescript middle-class people who did it for the money."

Back at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, Keehner reported his findings and taught the case officers how to take advantage of them. He also tested the case officers themselves, seeking out their weaknesses so that the agency would know how vulnerable they were to enemy spies.

In addition to his direct testing, Keehner assessed many potential agents indirectly, without the benefit of interviews or tests. He used the information the CIA collects every year on thousands of unsuspecting foreigners. No matter how loyal these people might be to their country, the CIA considers them potential traitors and labels them either "susceptible" or "vulnerable." Today the agency still spends millions to study them, tap their phones and bug their bedrooms in an effort to lure them or force them to become agents. It is not a pretty business, and Keehner had to plot how to bring these targets to the breaking point.

"No American who works for the CIA is a spy," said Keehner. "A spy is a foreign agent who commits treason"

"I was sent to deal with the most negative aspects of the human condition," he said. "It was planned destructiveness. First, you'd check to see if you could destroy a man's marriage. If you could, then that would be enough to put a lot of stress on the individual, to break him down. Then you might start a rumor campaign against him. Harass him constantly. Bump his car in traffic. A lot of it is ridiculous, but it may have a cumulative effect."

The CIA recruited Jim Keehner under deep cover. He was excited when a high-powered Washington outfit called Psychological Assessments Associates wanted to interview him. PAA, with offices in Washington and abroad, is the cover for the agency's psychologists. Its recruiters impressed Keehner by telling him that if he got the job he would travel the world testing the aptitudes of business executives for high-level positions. It was August of 1964.

During the next nine months, Keehner considered studying for the priesthood while Psychological Assessments checked him out for a top secret security clearance. Then the company contacted him in Kentucky, where he was working in the mental ward of a hospital, and invited him to interview further for what he thought was a glamorous job with a private psychological firm. "They called me in," he remembers, "and said, 'This is the CIA. Do you want to go on or do you want to stop?' It's a funny feeling when they tell you—frightening, yet thrilling and shocking." He barely hesitated before saying yes. Visions of dashing spooks danced in his head.

One thing puzzled Keehner about the CIA's final interviews, however. "They never once asked me about the Vietnam War," he said. Neither did they probe his views of morality, not in seven screening interviews and not when he took the CIA's standard lie-detector test. No one from the agency questioned Keehner about American involvement in Vietnam, then at its peak. The oversight proved to be significant.

Keehner's intensive training in the clandestine ways of the CIA surprised him. "I was intrigued with spies," he said. "But as soon as I got to training I learned that no American who works for the CIA is a spy. Never. A spy is a foreign agent who commits treason and gives information against his government. In the CIA we act as his helpers and get information for our country. Never call an American a spy." The need for secrecy was drilled into him over and over again. He had to sign a contract binding him not to reveal his work to anyone.

After training, Keehner reported to the Washington office of PAA, where he set out to learn the rudiments of the remarkable test he would soon administer round the world. Keehner's boss, John Gittinger (now retired), scored a major breakthrough in measuring personality development about 25 years ago. Gittinger took the standard IQ test—the Wechsler Adult Intelligence Scale—and converted it to a highly sophisticated tool that can predict behavior based on personality types. The elaborate Psychological Assessment System (PAS) uses a series of letters to categorize individual personality traits: "internalizers" and "externalizers" (I and E),

those who see the forest (F, flexibles) and those who see the trees (R, regulated), those who adapt easily (A) and those who don't (U). PAS hypothesizes that everyone is born with a fixed personality formula that is often modified in early childhood and adolescence but never entirely altered.

Because of the test's complexity and its bias toward genetic destiny, it has not been especially popular in the scientific community. However, some psychologists who work extensively with the PAS readily concede that it can be effective for the CIA's purposes. "If I were getting into the torture business," says Denver clinical psychologist Keith Davis, "I'd think of the PAS. I use it in a psychological program aimed at helping patients. But people skilled in subtle manipulation can use it for negative purposes."

"I can be very sneaky myself about predicting behavior and personality formulas," says Dr. Charles Krauskopf of the University of Missouri Psychology Department. "We should be thinking about this the same way we're thinking about nuclear problems and bioengineering. It's not something that will hide under the carpet."

Keehner thinks the public ought to know about many of the techniques the CIA uses. "One of the tragedies is that most CIA research in the basic sciences is never made available to the American public who paid for it," he says. "My boss, for example, was a nonacademic who carried half his work around in his head."

Gittinger finally had a monograph of his Psychological Assessment System published in *The Journal of Clinical Psychology* in April of 1973. Today the system is being used in several American universities and hospitals as an aid in vocational guidance, marriage counseling, correlating personality type with psychosomatic illness and teaching mental patients how to play up their strengths. Keehner believes that most people working with the test have no idea of its use by the CIA. And certainly nobody now using the PAS outside the agency has access to the 30,000 personality formulas the CIA has accumulated over the years.

The CIA even goes so far as to dub the personalities of entire countries with the magic PAS initials. The U.S., for example, is ERA—"a masculine stereotype"—externally oriented, regulated in behavior and adaptable. The country that most resembles the U.S. is none other than the U.S.S.R. "The Russians are EFUs," says Keehner, "like us, but unadaptable. They follow authority blindly." China, on the other hand, is IRU (internalized, regulated, unadaptable), just like former-President Nixon. "I've never met an IRU I've liked," says Keehner.

In fact, nobody in Keehner's office could stand to watch Nixon on television. Out of 15 psychologists in Keehner's office, 14 voted for McGovern, not because they loved McGovern but because they had all indirectly assessed Nixon. Our former leader fared very poorly. Trained to spot lying, the CIA psychologists concluded that Nixon lied in public most of the time.

In addition to testing, Keehner's office often whipped up psychological studies of world leaders. Foreign presidents and their aides had their handwriting scrutinized for signs of psychic imbalance. Keehner worked on the files of many foreign officials, but the assessments on the really big enchiladas were left to his bosses. Keehner happened to see Fidel Castro's assessment, and it noted he had sex with his pants on.

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Keehner thought the CIA charter strictly forbade the agency to assess American citizens, so he was surprised when the news broke that the agency had compiled a psychological profile on Daniel Ellsberg because of what Keehner calls a "bureaucratic screw up." "I guess the Plumbers broke into that office to get Ellsberg's psychiatric files for the shrinks," he said. "We could have done it without them. I asked my boss if he would have assessed Ellsberg, and he told me that we probably would have done it if the White House had asked us to."

Keehner's office did assess Commander Lloyd Bucher when the Navy spy ship the *Pueblo* was captured by the North Koreans. "We were very involved in trying to figure out how the North Koreans might affect the crew psychologically," said Keehner. "Bucher should never have been commander of that ship. He was an orphan, you know. He wouldn't intentionally give away anything. But he was not equipped to handle any aspect of the situation he was in."

The CIA assessed Sirhan Sirhan when Robert Kennedy was assassinated, and concluded he was insane. Keehner says he knows of no official assessment of Lee Harvey Oswald, but he says that CIA psychological experts studied Oswald on their own and concluded he was incapable of killing the President by himself. (One of the CIA employees who worked on the Oswald material confirmed both the study and the conclusion.) The agency also analyzed letters from American POWs in North Vietnam to see if their handwriting showed the effects of torture. It did, and some of the prisoners were judged to be hallucinating.

The CIA takes handwriting analysis quite seriously. According to Keehner, the agency's sophisticated methods can work wonders with a simple handwriting sample, to the point of detecting certain diseases before they are subject to medical diagnosis. Every New Year's Day, all the CIA agents in the Soviet Union forward their New Year's cards from Russian friends to CIA headquarters so that the handwriting can be analyzed and filed away.

The agency even spent a half million dollars to build a machine to graph handwriting by computer. It was supposed to cut down analysis time from eight or nine hours to four. But the machine never functioned properly. A staunch believer in handwriting analysis, Keehner says, "If you take the test and we see your writing, there's no way we can be wrong about you."

The CIA denies it, but Keehner says it still uses sexual ruses to entrap collaborators. In 1969 Keehner went to New York to give the "aptitude test" to an American nurse who had volunteered for unofficial night duty. "We wanted her to sleep with this Russian," he explained. "Either the Russian would fall in love with her and defect, or we'd blackmail him. I had to see if she could sleep with him over a period of time and not get involved emotionally. Boy, was she tough."

Keehner became disgusted with entrapment techniques, however, especially after watching a film of an agent in bed with a "recruitment target." CIA case officers, many of whom Keehner says "got their jollies" from such assignments, made the film with a hidden camera. Keehner was not only repulsed by the practice but also found it quite inef-

fective. "You don't really recruit agents with sexual blackmail," he says. "That's why I couldn't even take reading the files after a while. I was sickened at seeing people take pleasure in other people's inadequacies. First of all, I thought it was just dumb. For all the money going out, nothing ever came back. We don't recruit that many people. Most of our agents are walk-ins, people who are easy to buy anyway."

Psychologist Ann Herndon, a former CIA colleague who quit to go into private practice, corroborated Keehner's view of the CIA's ineffectiveness in using blackmail as a recruiting technique. "I never once saw anyone recruited in the work I did," she said. "I saw 70 to 80 cases a month. We haven't yet recruited our first Mainland Chinese, and there are at least 100 people working full-time on it."

"It's pretty much of a game," Keehner said. "People took pleasure in the gamesmanship. Everybody was looking for a promotion."

Every morning at 8:30, when Jim Keehner reported for work, he passed the inscription in the marble wall of the CIA's main lobby: "And ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make ye free" (John 7:32). Eventually, the words began to grate on his nerves. He saw it as a symbol of the hypocrisy he felt surrounded by. Also, he became more and more disturbed by the moral implications of his daily work, which was centered around the PAS testing system. Keehner occasionally wondered what would happen if the government decided to test everyone and run their genetic formulas next to their social security numbers on a giant computer. "There are horrible possibilities," he said. "It's social engineering and we don't know yet if people can beat the test."

His disaffection with the agency first began over the issue of the Vietnam War. His office was divided over the war, with the younger psychologists opposing and the older ones endorsing American policy to keep communism from spreading another inch. Keehner also disapproved of the military cast that came over the agency during its Vietnam operations. "The agency was always swarming with colonels from the Pentagon," he says. "I couldn't stand the waste of money being poured into Vietnam.

"My job was becoming more disgusting to me every day. But I was overwhelmed by the CIA. The first year is confusion. The second is bewilderment. The third it just kind of dawns on you what's happening." Keehner, ever a staunch Catholic, poured out his doubts twice a month in the confessional to no avail. "Masturbation was a mortal sin," he says. "But when I talked about sexual blackmail and manipulating people, the priest said it was a grey area."

It took a while for Keehner to rebel. But he found solace in attending sensitivity training sessions generously financed by the CIA. Touchie-feelie techniques were some of the many methods the agency explored for possible use in psychological assessments. They were still alive after the CIA had abandoned hypnosis, LSD, truth serums and palm-reading. (ESP, says Keehner, is "still up in the air.") Both of Keehner's bosses attended early sensitivity training groups and found them interesting. They approved of his request to train as a sensitivity group leader, under cover of course.

Keehner soon found himself an enthusiastic devotee of group grope. He thought sensitivity sessions not only personally satisfying but also a possible means of reforming the agency. On Mondays he went to Gestalt. On Tuesdays he saw his psychiatrist. On Wednesdays and Fridays he did yoga. On Thursdays he rested. "I was really coming into touch with my feelings for the first time. I started strongly vocalizing my objections to the war at the office. I stopped wearing a tie to work and that was against regulations."

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Rebeling was an entirely new concept to Keehner. He had managed to grow up and go through 14 years of Catholic education without once disobeying his parents or his teachers. No doubt those qualities made him an ideal candidate for the CIA, but the agency obviously forgot to assess the effects of contemporary self-help therapy.

In 1971 Keehner was assigned a tour of duty in Southeast Asia. He refused to go. One boss told him to "go over anyway and sabotage it from the field." Keehner still said no. He never got another promotion.

Outside the office, however, Keehner was still cautious. He saw his psychiatrist once a week for an entire year undercover because he felt announcing where he worked would breach CIA security. Instead, Keehner painted such a rosy picture of his job at Psychological Assessments that his psychiatrist asked if PAA had any job openings. "I thought I could just talk about my personal problems and set my work aside," Keehner said. "But the more I got into it, the worse it got. I felt like I was on a sinking ship."

A year later, after Keehner developed a severe eye infection, the CIA's powerful Medical Division put him on "medical hold," restricting his duties. He was relieved that he no longer had to go abroad for assessments, though he was still expected to work on files in the office. He asked instead if he could train incoming CIA recruits, and his request was granted.

In his new training position, Keehner enjoyed creative freedom. One day in class it gave him great satisfaction to play the record *Hair* and send the refrain blasting through camp: "Right here in niggertown we've got a dirty little war." Then he had the recruits march around the room to feel the music and to have a little human interaction. The older instructors were amazed. His classes were always monitored after that. Next, he requisitioned 40 lemons from Supply—the first and last such request—and had the recruits get to know their lemons. Keehner was not asked back to CIA training camp.

"Ninety-five percent of the people who took my course gave it an excellent in their evaluations," Keehner says. "I hoped the course would make them face the reality of what they were doing and make them think about the theory that 'every man has his price.' Later some of them said it helped them to get closer to people so they could recruit agents better."

Undaunted, he next came up with the idea of running week-long sensitivity groups for CIA employees as part of their in-agency training. The CIA gave its approval, but only after Keehner had had a little chat with William Colby, who was then director of Clandestine Services. "Don't let the press know we're running these groups." Colby warned. "*Time* or *Newsweek* will get a hold of this and make it sound like we're doing something crazy."

Tension is such an occupational hazard at the CIA that the agency is unusually tolerant of activities designed to relieve its employees' anxiety. But it insists that these activities take place "in house" for reasons of security and control. Keehner's new project became an officially authorized outlet for the pent-up emotions of the case officers. Ultimately, Keehner's prolonged exposure to sensitivity training caused him to slip his own psychic moorings. But he was happy with his new work at the onset because he felt he was helping people again.

Everyone who came to Keehner's "Human Interaction Lab" had to take the PAS test first, and also have his handwriting analyzed. Keehner didn't want anyone who seemed unstable to go through such an intense experience. Besides, it wouldn't do to have too many Fs and not enough Rs in a group. "When I had all Fs once I thought I'd go crazy," Keehner says. "Everyone was so sensitive to everyone else's feelings that nobody would talk for days.

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Group participants ranged in age from 20 to 60. They were mostly middle-level employees. "The big officers wouldn't come because they heard stories of how people broke down and cried," said Keehner. "They'd encourage the younger employees to come, though." Keehner wanted his charges to let it all hang out. They crawled around the floor making animal sounds. They went on "trust walks": one person with his eyes open had to lead another person with his eyes closed through the woods. They stood in the middle of the room and waved in the breeze pretending they were flowers. "I played music," Keehner said, "and told them to go to their favorite place in the room and imagine they were coming up out of the earth. They moved like corn blowing in the wind.

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While leading groups, Keehner avoided assessments as much as possible. But one day Keehner's boss called him into his office. "He said I wasn't giving the case officers in the field enough support, not getting in and telling them how to manipulate and destroy. I said, 'No, it makes me sick to my stomach.' He said, 'It bothers all of us but we don't articulate it.' "

Meanwhile, Keehner continued to experiment on his own with new kinds of encounter groups. His experience with Primal Scream therapy, however, proved to be a nightmare and precipitated his eventual downfall with the CIA.

Primal Scream requires its participants to stay nude in a swimming pool for six hours. Keehner began feeling uneasy when someone put the "Agnus Dei" on the pool loudspeakers. After all, the music came right from the Mass, and it occurred to Keehner that Mass was probably where he should be at this hour, not naked in a swimming pool with a bunch of people in varying stages of freaking out.

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At first he tried to concentrate on helping others, holding back on his own feelings—a mistake. Finally, a leader started pressing on his neck and Keehner started screaming. "Then he started pushing on my genitals," Keehner explained. "Well, boy, I let out a scream. I don't know if it was a Primal Scream or not. That's what *they* called it."

Within 24 hours of his Primal Scream, Keehner was so anxiety-ridden he had to take three kinds of tranquilizers. He was unable to work. Then he had a case of appendicitis and stayed home for six weeks. When he got back to work he refused to do any more assessments. Keehner went to see John Gittinger. "Why did you ever recruit me?" he asked. Keehner realized he was "out of pattern," a poor boy from Kentucky compared to most of the Ivy League types in the agency. "I don't know," Gittinger replied.

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"You could have heard a pin drop," says Ann Herndon. "The tension was so thick. No conflict ever comes out in the open there. Everything is kept undercover. Everyone was horrified. Jim began to make waves. That was the last thing they wanted. Everyone was supposed to be like everyone else."

Keehner officially left the CIA about a month later. "The CIA never fires anyone," he says. "They're afraid of vindictiveness." The agency gave him a $15,000 contract to continue running his sensitivity groups for a year. He was also promised a second year's contract in writing. Then, early in the summer of '74, Keehner's contract was abruptly canceled, and he no longer had any job with the CIA.

He protested the action in a memo to William Colby, then head of the agency. Three days later he was accused of a security violation, a serious offense at the CIA. The security violation was typing his memo at home. Yet Keehner had typed it at headquarters and could prove it. Nevertheless, he was told to turn in his badge immediately. The fighting was over. Keehner and the CIA were finally through.

Looking back on his nightmare, Keehner says he was just an ordinary small-town boy who arrived at the CIA looking for action and adventure. Instead he found the horrific, the absurd, the monstrous and the trivial. George Orwell kept bumping into Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice. The resulting trauma has been tough to shake.

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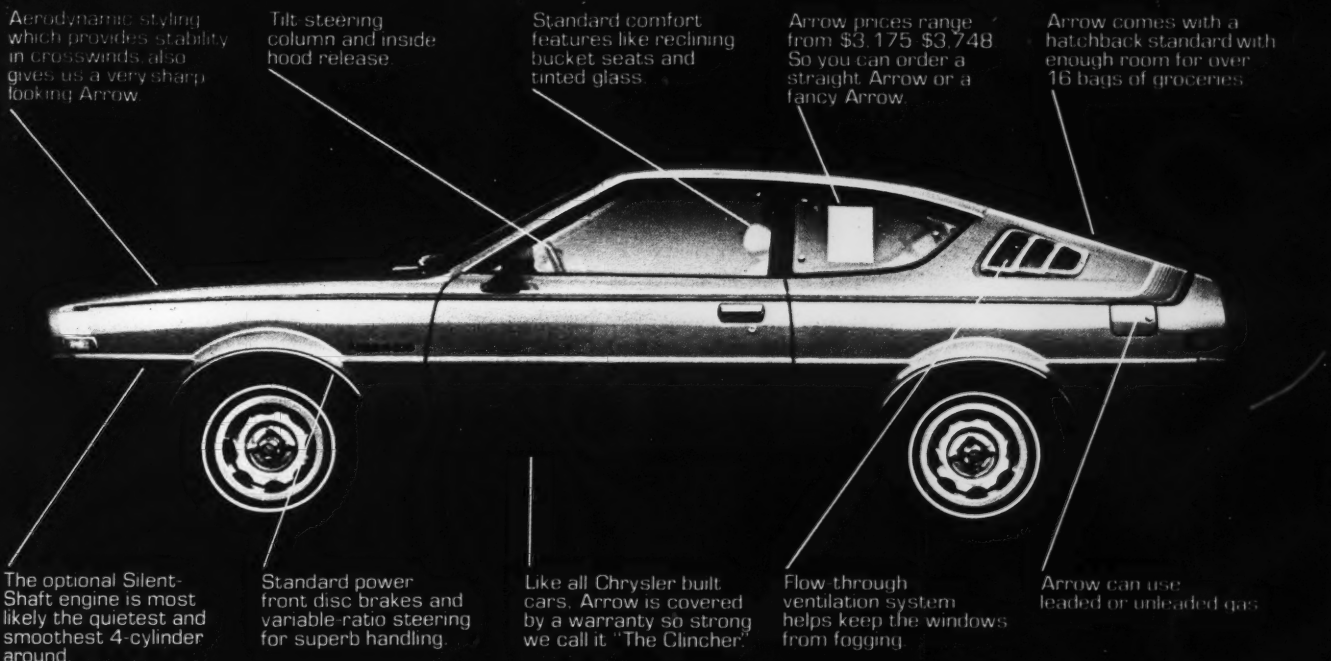
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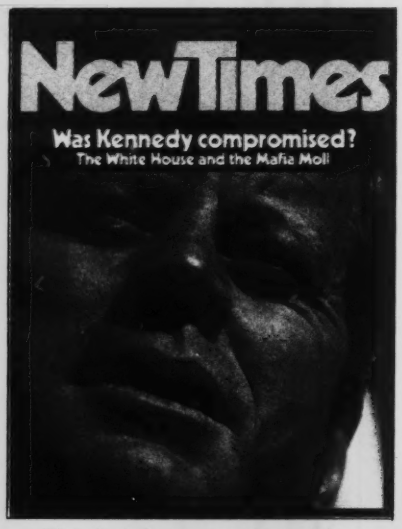

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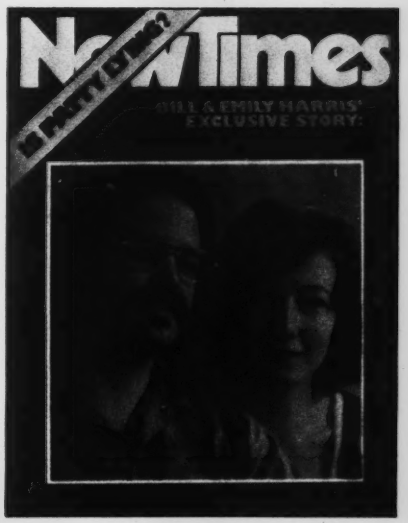

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By Janet Kole

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EUROCOMMUNISM ON THE MARCH

A new political era is dawning in Italy, despite Kissinger's threats. The question is, as a young Communist worker put it, "Why is America afraid of us? Is it because we may destroy democracy? Or because we may save it?"

By Andrew Kopkind

The collapse of the last Italian government was accompanied by a reluctant miracle—and an ambiguous omen: the dried blood of the martyred Saint Januarius failed to liquefy (it's supposed to melt every year) in the cathedral of Naples. Horrified worshipers feared calamity, and their canny priests read the augury as a prophecy of Communist victories in the elections that had just been set. It could have been enough to doom the Left to defeat—if a fortuitous earthquake had not turned the omen in a nonpolitical direction. "San Gennaro has not failed us," a Neapolitan Communist told me with evident faith and a sigh of relief. "He produced a different disaster."

Ordinarily, the fall of a government makes less of a splash in Italy than the toss of three coins in a fountain. Italians learned long ago to see the real stability of the political establishment through the periodic show of crisis. The 38 governments since World War II have entailed no more than a reshuffling of portfolios and a rearrangement of chairs among the leaders of the ruling Christian Democrats—the single party in power during all those years. But this 39th step in the parliamentary parade may bring a different kind of disaster after all; and neither saint nor savant can read what dubious omens are yet to come.

The difference this time is easy to sense, if not to see. The posters of all the parties insist, with hardly a variation of phrase, that it is time for Italy to "turn the page." People speak dreamily of a "new era," and say that an historic watershed has been crossed. Tempers are scalding, and rivalry among even friendly factions slips easily into violence. I saw Communist Party organizers and young activists of the New Leftish Radical Party wait all night outside a Rome courthouse to be first up in the morning with their candidates' lists, and thus get top billing on the ballot; as the doors opened, they pushed and shoved and had at each other with fists flying.

The rallies and marches in "Red" Bologna, in the great *piazze* of Rome and in small Southern towns are sparked by the same suggestion: that Italy is on the brink of a profound change, and that Italians this year will vote as the vanguard of a new Europe. There is danger and drama in this play of politics. The degeneration of the old system of power and the rise of a new "Eurocommunism" threatens to disrupt Italy and bring worldwide pressures to bear at a time when the more mundane domestic crises are difficult enough to solve. Kissinger chastises, Brezhnev berates: Italy is onstage, and alone.

From the beginning, this was not an ordinary shuffle of the political deck. The decision of Premier Aldo Moro to end his tenure and call elections—a year before they were constitutionally scheduled—was an open admission of failure, an indication that the Italian center cannot hold, that things had fallen apart beyond the ability of yet another temporary coalition to glue them together again. The economy is stuck at rock bottom, the *lira* is debased, inflation races ahead at 25 percent a year, a quarter of the shops and services are on strike on any given day and the country is at the mercy of its creditors in West Germany and the United States. "New York City never had it so bad," an American expatriate said gloomily, as we sat looking at Rome through the window of his decaying digs on a Tiber River island.

How Italy was delivered into such straits is a cautionary tale for the rest of Western Europe, and perhaps America as well. The paralysis that seizes politics at the top in Italy has parallels all over the map. Americans search for "leadership" and the French and the British rearrange failed party factions; the Italians have just about given up those games and may soon run an entirely new course.

In times past, the Christian Democrats might have worked one of their minor miracles of survival by opening the government to suitors waiting in the nearby right or left wings. In the early 1960s—with the urging of the imperial wizards of the Kennedy Administration—the Italian center made its "opening to the left" and admitted a number of safe Socialists to broaden their electoral base. Like the New Frontier and the Great Society in the United States, the liberalized regime in Italy was supposed to get the country moving, to institute social reforms, to humanize the system

PHOTOGRAPH BY FLORITA BOTTS/NANCY PALMER AGENCY

of free-for-all enterprise and to cut off radicals at the pass between reform and revolution.

It worked no better there than here. American "welfare liberalism" was shot down over Vietnam. The Italian model never really got off the ground. Successive center-left and center-right governments could not diminish the disparities between the managerial rich and the peasant poor, between the tax-soaked workers and the tax-evading owners, between the underdeveloped South and the overripe North. The only payoff was made to a middle class of consumers hastily inflated and encouraged to move up from Lambrettas to Lancias, from *vino di tavola* to Scotch whiskey, from picnics in the park to holidays in Portofino—and beyond. Those who could not afford *la dolce vita* on their salaries were hardly hassled if they made a unilateral "deduction" from their taxes: only 30 percent of the estimated national tax income is ever collected by the government.

There was only one small kickback exacted: the ballooning middle class was expected to vote for the Christian Democrats when election day rolled around. The truth was, however, that the privileges of galloping consumption could not be squared with the social needs of the country—or its overall economic health. Dizzy from dancing at the peak in the brief boom, Italy tumbled into a long decline: still guzzling more imported gas, eating more foreign beef and swallowing more Scotch whiskey than it can afford. The Christian Democrats couldn't keep up their end of the deal: they could not find the policies to keep up payments to the voters and at the same time cure the endemic economic maladies.

La dolce vita is still a lively myth on the Via Veneto, but this month many Italians are talking in more painful terms. "Whatever happens in the elections," an Italian teacher told me one night in a Rome restaurant, "we will have five years at least of austerity, of *lagrime di sangue*—tears of blood."

That prospect is not enlivening to the incumbents or to the Left opposition, neither of whom relish the opportunity to rule a bloody or tearful land. Their squeamishness casts a certain Wonderland quality over the elections and produces a deformed political logic which suggests that, all things considered, it would be better to come in second than to win. Of course in the Italian multi-party system, no one party ever takes all the chips, but the leader of the governing coalition takes all the responsibility for policy success—or failure.

As the elections approached, the two major blocs—the Communists and the Christian Democrats—began miming an elaborate comedy of deference, an "after you, Alfonso" routine based on the slight hope that one party would commit itself to post-election leadership.

GIANFRANCO GORGONI/CONTACT

Communist Party Secretary Enrico Berlinguer addresses the faithful.

Communist Party Secretary Enrico Berlinguer, as patient and polite a politician as any on the European scene today, suggested a "government of national unity" composed of "all popular and democratic parties" to usher in the era of tears and blood.

The Christian Democrats rejected the plan at once—hoping, under their show of disdain, that the combined Left parties (Communists, Socialists, Radicals and revolutionary Marxists) would outpoll them and be suckered into creating a weak, thin and brief "government of the Left." That scenario seemed to be solidly endorsed by Secretary of State Kissinger, who urged his comrades on the Christian Democratic right wing to stay out of any coalition with the Communists and let the Left discredit itself.

"It's a policy of 'pre-destabilization,'" an editor of *L'Unita*, the Communist Party newspaper, speculated. Italy is not Chile, and despite the State Department's fear and loathing of communism, armed intervention or even blatant economic aggression by the United States against a government of the Left is out of the question. "Now—before the votes are counted—is the only time Kissinger has any leverage," the editor thought.

Italians of all ideologies discount the possibility of a full-throated American *demarché* in the event that the Communists enter an Italian government—either as junior partners in a national coalition or as leaders of the Left. First of all, the Italian working class is large, highly educated and solidly red. "If I may be blunt," Professor Gianfranco Pasquino of Bologna University told me one day, "the United States would fail if it intervened. It might set up a puppet government in the South, but in the North the people would fight, and win."

Second, Italy is economically too important to Europe, and America, to be allowed to careen out of control. For instance, 15 percent of all West German exports go to Italy. Nothing in the Communists' history or rhetoric even remotely indicates that they would easily remove Italy from Western European or American markets—or from the Western military system, which after all protects the "revisionist" Italian Communists from Soviet threats as surely as it keeps Europe in the capitalist camp.

The barrage of warnings from Washington intensified during the late Italian spring, but the Communist straw man taking the blows bears little resemblance to the living, breathing organism in Italy. The Communist Party is perhaps the most "independent" in the world: certainly it is far more alienated from the Soviet Union than the Christian Democrats are from the United States. "At least we are not supported by American bribes," a speaker at a rally in Bologna shouted one night. "We have no 'Antelope'"—the code name of the recipient of hundreds of thousands of dollars from the Lockheed Corporation as a bribe to secure an aircraft contract with the Italian Air Force. "Antelope," every Italian believes, is the President of the Republic, Giovanni Leone, a former Christian Democratic premier.

In the end, it is that independence—of Italy and Western Europe—which is at issue. The United States prefers to deal with thoroughly Sovietized satellites rather than unpredictable independent Communist movements. The Russians are more comfortable with capitalist governments than with their own estranged comrades in Western European Communist parties. If détente has any rational basis, it can be found in the control that it gives the superpowers over their clients and allies; a politically and economically independent Europe is the real menace to the major powers.

The Communists are wary of

Andrew Kopkind recently returned from a month in Italy.

leading a government of the Left under current critical conditions, but if they are forced by the popular vote to enter a government, they have only themselves to blame. Slowly over the years, in accordance with what Berlinguer calls "the strategy of the long time," the Communists have earned a reputation for impeccably clean government, sound management and social innovation. In Bologna, where they have held power for almost three decades, the Communists have created what may be the best-run city in Western Europe, the very model of a modern municipality, with free transportation during rush hours, an integrated housing and population planning system, paid vacations in holiday resorts for old-age pensioners, day-care and nursery schools for all children, decentralized neighborhood councils and community centers with clinics, libraries and cultural programs.

If it is not pie in the sky here and now, it is impressive enough to win millions of votes: last year the Communists came up even with the Christian Democrats in local elections, and they now have power in the governments of every major city north of Sicily—except Rome, where elections are to be held this year along with the national balloting. The Communist challenge to the center parties is not based on revolutionary rhetoric, but on the reality of tested pragmatic policies.

"Why do you think America is afraid of us?" a young Communist worker in Bologna asked me. "Is it because we may destroy democracy? Or because we may save it?"

Once before, in 1947, the United States threw its available weight at Italy to stop a Communist electoral tide. Americans were urged then—as they are again—to convince their relatives in Italy not to vote Communist. American Marshall Plan aid was used as a political weapon: posters showed a loaf of bread emblazoned with the initials U.S. flying away if Italy went red.

Italy and the Italian Communist Party have changed in 30 years, but American policy has not. To most Italians, the fears expressed in Washington and repeated in the Italian media are unreal, or foolish, or destructive of whatever small hope the people have for progress and independence.

And yet it may be that those desperate fears are founded in a fact that stands beyond the electoral campaign, that reaches into the whole structure of American influence in Europe and even touches at the core of politics in the United States.

"You have come to Italy at an absolutely crucial point in history," an Italian woman—a member of the Roman regional legislature—said to me one night in a gathering of academics and journalists on Rome's Quirinal Hill.

"Listen," she continued softly, as if she were enlisting me as a conspirator, "there is something completely new about to happen. It is called Eurocommunism, and it may be the most radical movement of all, because it has what every other revolutionary party lacks: a democratic majority. If you add that to an organized working class and a disciplined progressive party, you have a force that can win all over Europe—in France and Spain and Greece and in the Northern countries as well. Don't worry about party platforms or election talk; nothing will be the same. There is a dynamic at work that cannot be analyzed in advance. But believe me, it will be more powerful and more successful than anything we know, and we are all standing on the eve of this new time."

Someone pulled me away to look at the view from the terrace. An almost full moon was shimmering over the Forum. When I came back inside, the regional representative, like a sybil at supper, had put aside her visions and was starting dessert. ●

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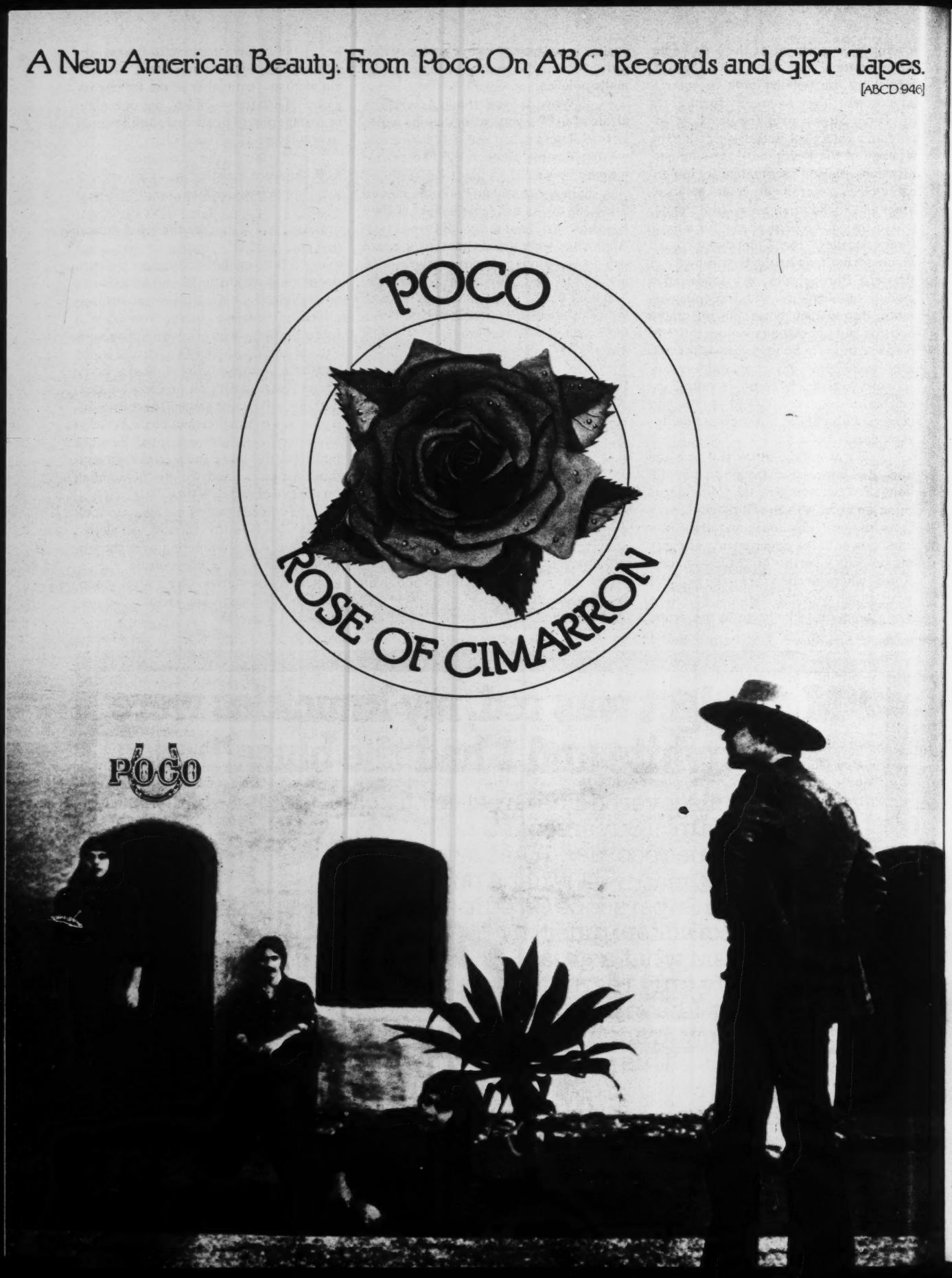

Tomorrow he will be meeting with the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, but today the president of Haverford College is hoisting a trashman's pail over his shoulder

The double life of Jack Coleman

By Bob Holland

In the hazy dawn of a summer day, a middle-aged blue and white trash truck ambles off the main road and enters Potomac Falls, Maryland, nirvana of the Washington, D.C., suburbs.

It is a "planned development"—an enclave of $150,000 to $200,000 mini-estates set among rolling, wooded hills. A fantasyland Levittown for congressmen and lobbyists and Grade 18 bureaucrats, and for the consultants whose mystical studies and surveys and reports give our government its direction.

Donny, the driver of the trash truck, 34 years old, thin and wiry with deceptive strength, is scalding his tubes with coffee from a truck stop. "Picked up a new customer yesterday," he drawls. "You know the guy that was an astronaut . . . John Glenn?"

John R. Coleman, the president of Haverford College and chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia, who is sitting in the middle of the front seat wearing the day's uniform of T-shirt and grey work pants, registers surprise.

"John Glenn? Really? I know John. We were on advisory boards of the World Book Encyclopedia. He's a terrific guy. He's the senator from Ohio now."

Donny nods. "Well," he says finally, "you're going to get to know his trash today."

At the first driveway, Donny leaps from the truck and starts sprinting . . . my God, he's running and it isn't even 6:00 a.m. yet . . . up what seems like a quarter-mile to the double garage. For $15 a month the privileged landowners of Potomac Falls get "backyard pickup," which means that if they get up early enough they can peer out the window at a skinny little white guy hobbling coolie fashion out the drive with 200 pounds of their garbage on his back.

Or, who knows . . . a college president. Hugh Sidey, the sage of Stanmore Drive who is *Time* magazine's Washington bureau chief, has no idea that John R. Coleman is in his side yard, slushing up the milk cartons and the discarded teletypes from the New York office.

The sun is just starting to come up, and Jack Coleman, 54 years old, economist, man of letters, secure don of academia who is to meet tomorrow morning at the Federal Reserve with Arthur Burns, has this godawful great green plastic trashman's pail over his

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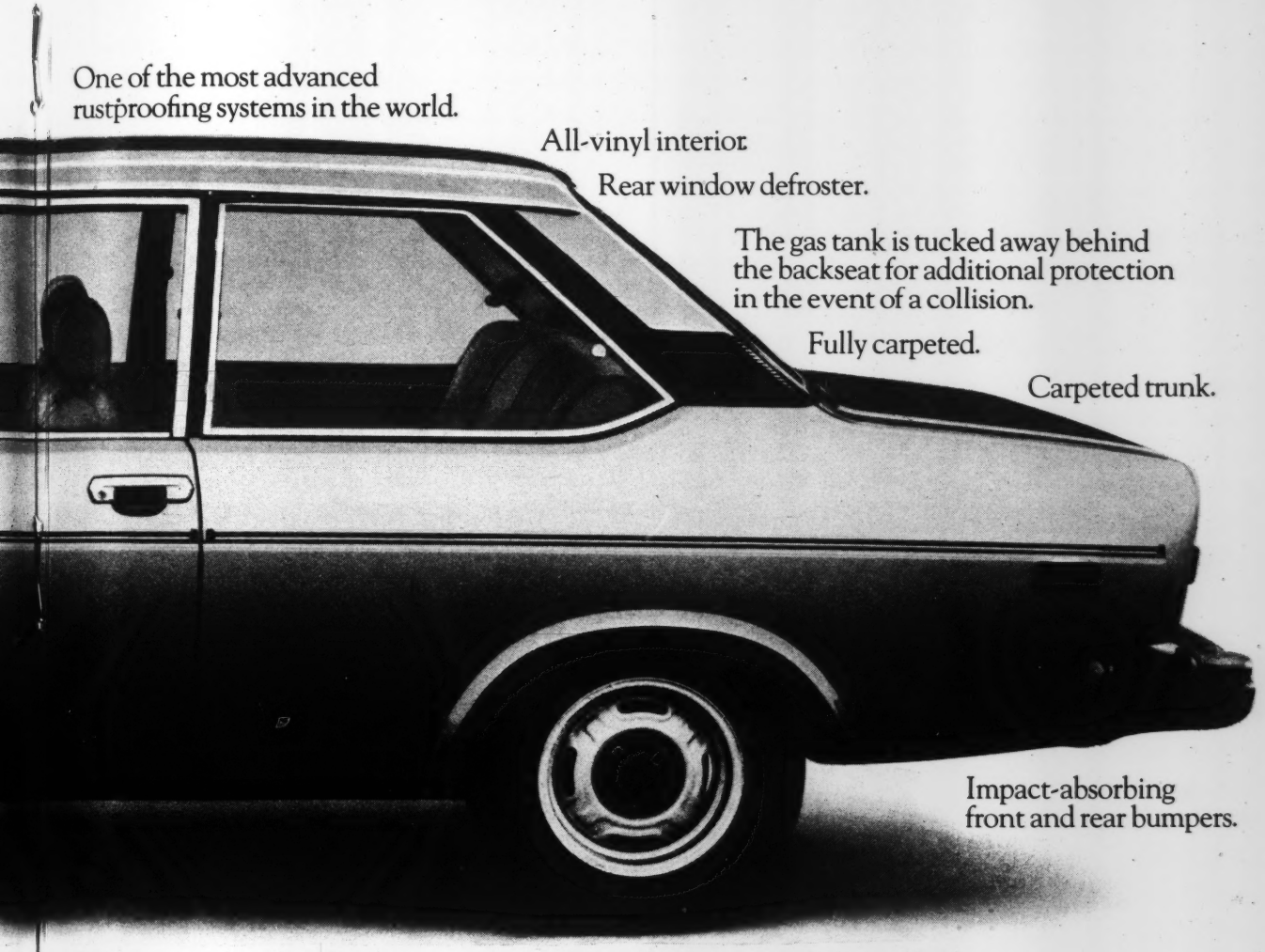
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shoulder and he is cutting through the bushes from one mini-mansion to the next, working on a more than one beer thirst.

Nearly four years ago, back before America rediscovered work, Jack Coleman took a sabbatical from Haverford College and secretly signed on as ditchdigger, sandwich man and garbage hauler. His book about the escapade, *Blue Collar Journal,* was widely reviewed and quoted, if not widely bought by the reading public.

There were half-column notices in *Time* and *Newsweek,* interviews on a few radio talk shows, then back to the lily ponds and copper beach trees of Philadelphia's Main Line. A spice of notoriety certain to surface someday in his obituary . . . except. . . .

Except that something had happened to Jack Coleman. He couldn't just go back. Like millions of so-called successful men, he knew that having made it by accepted definitions was not enough, that there was no satisfaction in trying to unscramble the personnel problems of some mega-enterprise. Unlike other restless organization men, he knew what to do. "I was only back a short time," he confides, "when I realized I had to have this blend to my life."

So, in the fall of 1974, he slipped away quietly, even clandestinely, from the playing fields of Haverford, away from the Victorian president's house with its eight bathrooms, and drove down Route 95 to the Washington suburbs and the American Refuse Co. of Rockville, Maryland, where he had once labored for his book. The faculty, with their pretensions, with their 12-syllable speech patterns, could go to hell at least for a weekend. These were the folks. He was home.

Okay. But why? Why is the vice-chairman of the National Joint Council on Economic Education, the author of *The Changing American Economy,* humpin' trash? Again? Down in the dirt and gravel yard of the American Refuse Co., general manager Barney Gasbarre, a former Army warrant officer who must alternately coddle and lash his trucks like the tanks of Patton's panzers, isn't quite sure how to explain his famous factotum. "If you find out let me know, will you?" says Garbarre, who has become a pal of Coleman and, on three occasions, a weekend guest at the Haverford campus. "This is dangerous work. It's a man-killer. He's been cussed. He's been insulted. He's had dogs sicked on him. But he'll come down here every once in a while and want to work a day here and there. And he won't take any pay. I don't know. Maybe he likes to communicate with the labor force. That's his field, you know . . . labor economics. Anyway, I love the guy. There's nobody like him."

The rediscovery of work and the working man has come of hybrid roots—the disenchantment that slipped in behind the go-go years, the dropouts and evaders who discovered their hands and became the new craftsmen, the blood-icing fear the recession put into the "achievers," who found for the first time in their lives that goodies can be taken away, too. Real work has become fascinating to millions of men who do something all day yet can't even explain to their children what it is.

They push memos. Or they sell "concepts." They have jobs with titles like "manager of profit measurement" or "client rep" or "product registration coordinator" or "acquisition specialist" or "community resource enrichment aide." They talk about their fathers who used to work for a living. And they wonder how long before somebody comes around and asks, "What has this slot got to do with the company's bottom line?"

Real work has become fascinating to millions of men who do something all day yet can't even explain to their children what it is

Politicians who once clasped poverty and clean air to their breasts have discovered the working man. The trick now is for the hip congressman to spend a recess play-acting at his constituents' menial jobs. A Democrat running for governor of Mississippi is transformed overnight from fat cat lawyer to "the working man's candidate" when he fills in for a few days as bulldozer operator and gas station attendant.

These are the faddists, and there are some writers among them looking for books. But it is Jack Coleman who may be the ultimate transitional man . . . prophet of the intellectual-physical complex, flitting back and forth between both worlds.

At the moment there are few followers. "I do think many people like to dream of two worlds," Coleman comments, "but they can't or won't do anything about it." What is more likely, he believes, is that those who once sought white collars will finally notice that street cleaners in San Francisco are making $18,000 and assistant professors are starting at $12,000. "And a fair number of people," he adds, "may decide they'll be street cleaners 40 hours a week and live another kind of life on the side."

That's easy enough. One side or the other. But for the real transitional man—he who would be both manager *and* drone—there are conflicts. Irreconcilable contradictions. For to be with the workers is to be against the manager class, is it not?

The finance committee of the Haverford College Board of Managers is meeting in a closet of a conference room loaned for the afternoon by a downtown Philadelphia bank. It is dark and bare, the sort of place ordinarily used by the bankers to plot car repossessions.

A man whose company produces artificial kidneys is running the committee. These are crafty Quakers; the college portfolio has solid Exxon and trendy Doyle Dane Bernbach.

"What about Sun Oil convertible preferred?"

"It's a good stock."

"But it's not doing anything."

"Are we wedded to it?"

"Well, it would be hard to sell in this market. Sun's been putting out gloomy forecasts."

"How much do we have?"

"About $600,000."

Jack Coleman clears his throat. "There's an agenda item I'd like to get to . . . fringe benefits for the permanent part-time faculty. Here I suggest that the committee approve fringe benefits in theory, but recognize there is nothing we can do now . . . not in this financial climate."

No fringes? Nothing for the brave, dedicated part-time faculty? Not even a little Blue Shield? A banker, youngish, trim, one of those squash court Democrats, speaks up to say that he gives—actually, the word he uses is "extends"—fringe benefits to his part-time tellers. Well, that's fine, says President Coleman. But he holds his ground. There is no money for largesse at Haverford this year.

The White House called late last summer, two weeks after Jack Coleman came back from his summer job as a roughneck in the uranium mining fields of New Mexico.

Would Dr. Coleman be able to at-

Bob Holland, a Philadelphia free-lance, has spent most of his life taking out the trash.

tend the swearing in by President Ford of Dr. David Mathews, president of the University of Alabama, as secretary of health, education and welfare?

Coleman phoned one of his former students, a Mathews aide, who had arranged the invitation. "Stan, I'd love to come," he says, "but I promised American Refuse I'd haul trash that day and I can't change it now." Now wait a minute, Stan replies. Couldn't you start the route a little early that day . . . or . . . you could always bring one of the trashmen with you. . . .

"Well, that got me," Coleman recalls. "I went out on the job that day and rushed back to the garage in time to change. Paul Corridean, he's a supervisor now, but absolutely the best worker, the strongest person I've ever hauled trash with, he met me there and we changed clothes. They don't have a shower, but I washed up and the secretary had brought a deodorant that day, so I used that.

"We got to the White House just in time. President Ford was getting ready to speak. I was trying to act blasé, but Paul, with all the enthusiasm hanging out, was just having a marvelous time.

"After the reception we went back to the yard—I still had to finish the route that afternoon—and everybody knew, every crew coming in, knew that Paul had been to meet the President of the United States. And they were just as excited about it as he was."

The woman is waiting for him. "Get off my grass! I told you people not to cut across my grass!" Coleman is conciliatory. The driveways of Potomac Falls are as long as drag racing strips, and, yes, he has been cheating a little by cutting across the manicured lawn. But the load on his shoulder is crushing . . . the Green Giant's pail. . . .

"And don't bring that trash in my yard!" she shouts. "When you come in my yard you bring a clean bucket!"

God! She is, well . . . serious! This early in the morning, with a load of garbage on your back, you can't always tell when people are kidding, but this dame is not fooling around. So Coleman got mad and told the boss about this abuse he had to take, and the boss called her up and said if she was going to be hassling the men . . . well, then they couldn't pick up her trash anymore.

Which was all right, except that Coleman naturally went back to Haverford to do what he does there, and the next week one of the trashmen is cutting across her yard and the same old bat runs out and starts yelling: "Listen you! I told you people not to be cutting across my lawn! I got that old man fired last week for doing the same thing!"

Haverford College, 10 miles west of Philadelphia, is a timeless place of gargantuan trees and greystone buildings with high boxy windows. One of the 750 sons of Haverford lopes up the walk to seek sanctuary among the pinball machines of the dining hall basement, and it is only his pony tail, bobbing behind, that places the scene today rather than in 1940.

In the same basement, *Blue Collar Journal* is on prominent display in the bookstore. ("When it first came out, Lord, we sold as many as 250 a day," a woman behind the counter says. "Now? We sell a few . . . the freshmen seem to be interested in it.")

Jack Coleman, tall and lean, with sandy-red hair thinning now and combed across to cover the voids, but more youthful than his 54 years and photographs imply, is upstairs behind the white columns and greystone walks of Roberts Hall. Outwardly he is concerned with the current $20 million development campaign. He has been jetting around the country, softening up alumni, lining up chairmen. But it appears that the disposable riches of Potomac, Maryland, are never far from his mind.

"People talk to me about how they are bored to death in their work, and yet they know something they'd really like to do. Invariably, what they'd like to do is something lower income"

"There's been a tremendous interest in this thing," he says. "I've been so struck with the number of people who talk to me about how they are bored to death in their work, and yet they know something they'd really like to do. Invariably, what they'd like to do is something lower income. I've known no exception to that. And I've heard from teachers, lawyers, newspapermen. A banker told me he'd always wanted to be a landscape gardener, but can't make the switch. His family needs the income." Coleman leans back in his swivel chair and studies for a moment the trees that guard old Founders Hall across the way. "I wonder. Is it really true the family needs that income? Wouldn't they be a lot better off if that guy was in a job that was fulfilling and allowed him to be more of a real person?"

Ah, but what of his own job? Coleman has written that the college president, shown at the top of the organization chart, is actually "at the center of a web of conflicting interest groups, none of which can ever be fully satisfied. He is, by definition, almost always wrong." Yet despite those words, Coleman says he is happy at Haverford—he simply likes change. He enjoys the outdoors. He likes testing himself against a challenge. "As an amateur sociologist I'm absolutely fascinated with the attitudes of people you meet on the trash route."

And Haverford? Is Haverford happy with its president? Well, says one faculty member, there's a feeling that Coleman is not "a heavyweight," that he doesn't understand faculty problems—"that he'll listen, but he's a little tone deaf." "You might say," adds Provost Tom D'Andrea, "that he's a little thin-skinned."

Sitting at an antique desk in the marvelously high-ceilinged office that accompanies the chairmanship of philosophy, Dick Bernstein, 40ish, with uncontrolled but scholarly grey ringlets of hair, tries to find the correct Haverfordian pronouncement on its president. "I suppose all the strengths and vices of Jack are tied up in this trash thing," he says. "He has his heart, but not always his head, in the right place. You see, no one's overly impressed with it. I don't even think the students are anymore. Certainly there's no sense that the rest of us should be doing the same thing."

Two students. One is a self-assured campus pol wearing the unpressed khakis of the 1950s. "You'll never meet another college president like this one. He listens. He'll tell you about anything that goes on here. Anything." The other is shooting pool in the dining hall. "What do I think of Coleman?" he repeats with that tone of amiable superiority affected by some Haverford men. "I guess I think he's politically ambitious. That's the way he appears to me."

John Royston Coleman was born June 24, 1921, in Copper Cliff, an Ontario mining town of 3,500 rather hardy and independent souls. His father was a college-trained engineer who had come up from Toronto, but Coleman remembers that at age seven or so he was learning to read at the same time as his maternal grandfather, who was a laborer for the smelting company that dominated the village.

Fresh from the University of To-

ronto in 1943, he joined the Royal Canadian Navy as a seaman, went into officer's training and was ferrying supplies across the North Atlantic at war's end. He met his first wife, Mary, at the University of Toronto, and after the war they went out to the University of Chicago, where her father was on the faculty. He earned both his master's and doctorate from Chicago.

After graduate school, Coleman was hired by M.I.T. in 1949 to teach economics and labor relations. As in trash-hauling, he simply plunged right in. "There must be no other jobs," he once wrote, "where there is so little training of the novice as in higher education."

In 1955 he went to Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon University, where he became head of the economics department and dean of humanities and social sciences. In Pittsburgh he was an activist, serving as president of the United Nations Association, a leader of the Negro Emergency Educational Drive and president of the First Unitarian Church.

Having served as a Ford Foundation consultant in India in 1960-61, Coleman left Carnegie in 1965 to join the staff of foundation president McGeorge Bundy. He was in charge of "Social Development" when Haverford came calling. "I was the first non-Quaker to serve as president, and I had just been divorced," he recalls. "I understand some members of the Board of Managers were more upset about the latter than they were about the former."

The mother of a Haverford student became Coleman's second wife, but that marriage collapsed in less than a year. "I'm not unhappy being single," he says. "There are also things I'd like that can only come through marriage. Those are trade-offs." As a lonely bachelor, he faced night after night of roadside diners or TV dinners, so he vowed to learn to cook and fix himself a good meal each night. He has more than kept that pledge. Cooking is now "a serious hobby." Recently, the president single-handedly served up thinly sliced beef rolls and dressing, grilled tomato, tossed salad and his homemade Viennese pastries to 45 guests.

Coleman made a vow when he took over at Haverford: that he would stay a minimum of five years and a maximum of ten. He has now completed his ninth winter.

Jack Coleman is in the kitchen of the president's house, building his strength with a homemade fish chowder, a delicious concoction of flounder and potatoes and onions, and a glass of sherry. It is Friday afternoon and there is business to be done this night.

He has had an offer to serve on the board of directors of a large janitorial company that cleans office buildings and hospitals. It is a black-owned enterprise, and Coleman is eager to get back into "minority entrepreneurship," one of his specialties at the Ford Foundation.

"I'll be mopping floors tonight," he says softly. It is the Coleman way of checking out a business before becoming a director.

"I'm very much hooked these days on things like dignity on the job, respect for the worker," he adds. "I might be able to say something on this board that would be listened to because of what I've been doing the last few years.

"A subsidiary objective is to help establish a black business on a stronger basis in the Philadelphia area. Immodestly, I think I have some things to add to such a board that come out of management experience . . . perhaps even contacts might help them."

We are sitting at a little counter-island in the middle of the spacious kitchen, and he is ladling another round of chowder into brittle Chinese bowls.

Coleman is reflective. He has plotted his next trips to American Refuse, and he seems to want to get a handle on his life.

"I was already thinking ahead to this summer," he says. "I was wondering if a restaurant up in Maine would hire me . . . for anything in the kitchen—dishes, pots and pans—as long as I'd get some exposure to cooking.

"But then I got a letter from a guy in Wyoming offering me a job in his dolomite mine, working in the quarry and in the plant where they crush and bag it. It sounded so interesting I decided I'm going to go there."

The introspective mood lingers in the kitchen he obviously loves, and the thoughts go back to 12-hour July days in New Mexico . . . "happy as hell . . . lots of sun . . . $3 an hour and they paid our motel bill . . . being chewed out by a 27-year-old foreman who kept reminding me he was exactly half my age . . . some of the best people I've ever worked with. . . ."

For a moment, he is back in his hard hat, strong and youthful, a man among men.

"It's going to be hard to improve on that," Jack Coleman sighs. "One hates to think that one has peaked, but I'm not sure there's ever going to be a job as fully satisfying as that one."●

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SHERWOOD
Everything you hear is true.

By Chris Welles

The toothpastes, shampoos and deodorants you use may beautify you today, but what are they doing to you in the long run? Scientists know that up to 60 percent enter the bloodstream—but no one's sure what happens after that

"The best thing you can do for any woman," claimed the advertisement. The ad, which appeared in a recent cosmetics industry trade journal, showed a picture of a woman's face surrounded by the names of products that used ingredients manufactured by PVO International: hair preparations, eye shadow, makeup base, blusher, lipstick, skin lotions, antiperspirants, face cream, eyebrow darkener, eye liner, mascara, lip gloss, cream toner, bath oils.

On any given morning, millions of women, at the expensive urgings of the cosmetics industry, dab, rub and spray on all of these products and more. That may be the best thing for cosmetics manufacturers. But it is hardly the best thing for women—or for men, who are heavy users of cosmetics ranging from shampoos and hair dyes to toothpastes and deodorants. Each year we spend over $6 billion for hundreds of billions of applications of some 25,000 cosmetic products. Many of us suspect, as we rub in a new creamy textured shampoo, that the elaborately contrived advertising and packaging promise a good deal more than the product is capable of delivering. We suspect, as we gulp a new sweet-tasting mouthwash, that we may be throwing away a lot of money and time in a vain quest for impossible panaceas and unattainable fantasies.

But the real trouble with cosmetics is much worse than lost money and wasted effort. Over the past decade or so, cosmetics in every product category in the trade journal ad, and in many other categories, have been found to be harmful to users. In many cases, studies have linked them with serious diseases, including cancer. The awful truth about cosmetics is that, despite their enticing and benign appearance, they may be secretly and quietly destroying us. And nearly as shocking, the Food and Drug Administration, which regulates the cosmetics industry, still possesses only the most meager authority to do anything about it.

Consider just a sampling of some of the publicly documented and proven hazards that have resulted in the FDA recalling hundreds of products (101 in just the past two years).

Hexachlorophene. Though several studies in the late sixties and early seventies linked hexachlorophene to nervous system disorders and brain damage, protests by manufacturers of products containing the ingredient, a common anti-bacterial agent in dozens of cosmetics and drugs, deterred the FDA from taking action. The FDA did not move to ban hexachlorophene from most non-prescription products until the death in 1972 of 39 French infants who were exposed to talcum powder containing excessive amounts of the substance.

Mercury. Although well-known as a toxic substance, for years mercury was used extensively as a skin-bleaching agent and a preservative in hand creams, shampoos, hair straighteners, makeup, deodorants and bath preparations. Finally, two years ago, the FDA issued a ban, noting that the toxicity of mercury compounds had been "extensively documented in scientific literature."

Vinyl chloride. Despite tests showing its carcinogenic effects on animals and the accumulation of evidence that exposure to vinyl chloride causes liver damage, including liver cancer, cosmetics manufacturers continued its use in widely sold aerosol products, including hair sprays, until the FDA banned the substance in 1974.

Halogenated salicylanilides. Thousands of cosmetics, particularly soap products, employed these chemicals as preservatives and anti-microbial agents.

FDS
FEMININE HYGIENE DEODORANT
PROFESSIONAL HAIR SPRAY
ALL-PURPOSE
PALMOLIVE
rich lanolin formula
Lady Clean formula
Mr. Bubble
Solarcaine
CALGON
Bath Oil
Keratin
28
ARRID
XX

Revlon alone put out over 100 such products. Last year, in response to ever-growing documentation that the substances could cause what the FDA called "disabling skin disorders," the agency prohibited their use.

Methyl methacrylate. For decades, this compound, an active ingredient in Dark Eyes' Long Nails, a plastic nail lengthener, has been known to cause harmful effects, such as respiratory depression. But it was not until the FDA received reports from many Long Nails users that their fingernails were falling out that the product was banned in 1974.

Chloroform. Although chloroform has long been known to cause such problems as unconsciousness and coma, it has been commonly used as a flavoring agent in mouthwashes and toothpastes such as Colgate-Palmolive's Ultra Brite and Beecham's Macleans. When a National Cancer Institute study concluded that the compound also caused cancer and tumors in test animals, the FDA this spring moved to ban its use effective July 8. But as is the agency's practice in product bans, the FDA is not requiring makers to recall existing stocks.

Red Dye No. 2. The potentially cancer-causing effects of this dye, a million pounds a year of which are used in numerous foods, drugs and cosmetics such as lipstick and rouge, have been reported for two decades. Yet in the face of strong industry protests against controls, the FDA delayed taking action for years. Finally, after a General Accounting Office report claimed the dye was "an unnecessary risk to public health" and a study by the FDA's own National Center for Toxicological Research linked the dye to cancer in animals, the FDA ordered the substance removed from the market last January. Existing stocks of products containing Red Dye No. 2, though, are still being sold.

Numerous other cosmetic products and chemicals about whose safety questions have been raised have not been banned by the FDA and continue to be manufactured:

Genital deodorant sprays. Although hexachlorophene, once an active ingredient in genital deodorants, has been banned, these products are still being sold despite numerous complaints of rashes, itching and urinary infection. In part as the result of lobbying by Alberto-Culver, manufacturer of the best-selling FDS spray, the FDA's only action has been to order that products carry a warning label.

Talcs. Studies have suggested that talc products may be injurious to users: a number of talcs have been reported to contain asbestos, a suspected cause of cancer and lung disease, and free silica, which causes silicosis in workers exposed to it. Talc itself is known to be dangerous, even fatal, if inhaled in large amounts.

Hair dyes. Tests by researchers such as Dr. Bruce Ames, a University of California biochemist, and William Benedict, director of chemical carcinogenicity at the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles, have linked chemicals used in hair dyes with cancer and birth defects in laboratory animals. Hair dye producers dispute the studies. Meanwhile, 20 million women and half a million men regularly continue to dye their hair.

Bubble Baths. Bubble baths contain numerous toxic and allergenic chemicals such as detergents and perfumes. The FDA has received many consumer complaints of irritation, rashes and skin cracking, especially concerning Mr. Bubble, the best-selling children's bubble bath made by Gold Seal. As yet, despite informal negotiations between the FDA and manufacturers about reformulation and relabeling, no official action has been taken.

"People ask, 'How dare you let that product on the market,'" says FDA's Eiermann. "The trouble is, not only can't I stop it but I often don't even know the product exists. We don't have authority to require anything"

Formaldehyde. Reactions from the numerous nail products containing formaldehyde have often been serious; they include pain, bleeding, inflammation and loosening and loss of nails. Although the FDA has banned several nail products containing the substance, such as Revlon's Everon and Wonder Base, many other formaldehyde products remain on the market.

Zirconium. Studies have indicated a risk of lung disease from inhalation of small quantities of zirconium, an ingredient in several popular antiperspirants. An FDA advisory panel, pointing to research linking zirconium to lung lesions, recommended last year that the FDA remove products containing the chemical from the market. Yet Procter & Gamble, manufacturers of zirconium-based Sure and Secret, and Carter-Wallace, makers of Arrid XX, have been battling—so far successfully—against FDA proposals to ban zirconium. Meanwhile, millions of users still spray zirconium under their arms—and possibly into their lungs.

The cosmetics industry tries to downplay the importance of such dossiers of danger. The response of a spokesman for Avon Products, the largest cosmetics company, is typical: "The actual number of reactions resulting from cosmetics is actually extremely low, and the nature of these is generally minor."

It is true that the banned-product list is short compared to the number of products in use, and that no proof has been offered that any cancer victims have died from cosmetics use. Yet this is less a reflection of a generally high level of cosmetics safety than the shockingly low level of effort by industry and government to determine which cosmetics are safe and which are not. As former FDA Assistant Commissioner Winton Rankin said, "The problem today is not so much the [cosmetics] products that are known to harm, but the cosmetics that are not known to be safe." According to Dr. Karim Ahmed, who directed a comprehensive analysis of cosmetics safety by the Minnesota Public Interest Research Group, as much as 90 percent of all the cosmetics we use have not been sufficiently tested for safety.

The principal reason lies in the powerlessness of the FDA. Most of us assume that the agency possesses the same kind of regulatory authority over cosmetics that it does over food and drugs. In fact, the huge and very profitable cosmetics industry remains curiously immune from all but the most marginal government regulation or supervision.

A bill, which if enacted would become the first comprehensive cosmetics safety legislation in 40 years, is given a fair chance of passing the Senate late this summer. However, it is being vigorously opposed by the industry, and its prospects in the House are uncertain. Most observers do not expect enactment this year—some doubt it will ever become law. Even if it does, the result will still be a watered-down version of the original reform legislation introduced three years ago by Missouri Senator Thomas Eagleton, who is still its chief promoter. Dr. Sidney Wolfe of the Nader-affiliated Health Research Group, one of the few consumer organizations lobbying for greater federal cosmetics regulation, regards the measure as "lousy,"

Chris Welles is a free-lance journalist specializing in business and finance.

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A pretty penny

In 1975 consumers spent $6,728,270,000 on cosmetics and toiletries.

Shampoos	$632,320,000
Hair color preparations	313,910,000
Hair dressings, conditioners, rinses, permanents, medicaments	358,940,000
Hair sprays	300,070,000
Depilatories	17,190,000
Shaving creams, etc.	126,290,000
Pre- and aftershave lotions, colognes	453,510,000
Hand lotions and creams	91,420,000
Nail polishes and removers	164,240,000
Face creams, cleansers, lotions, powders, makeup bases, rouges and blushes	634,390,000
Lipsticks	388,520,000
Eye makeup	255,970,000
Women's fragrances	607,550,000
Bath soaps	557,920,000
Personal deodorants	619,350,000
Suntan lotions and oils	96,170,000
Foot powders	20,860,000
Toothpastes and powders	493,540,000
Mouthwashes and gargles	260,590,000
Breath fresheners	42,890,000

Figures prepared by Product Management Magazine.

adding, "It's worse than no legislation at all because it would give people the erroneous impression that cosmetics were now really being regulated."

While Congress deliberates, there remains no federal law to prevent you and me from mixing a bathtub full of whatever noxious chemicals we wish, bottling the concoction and marketing it coast-to-coast as "Miracle Shampoo"—even if scientific evidence clearly shows our shampoo's ingredients can cause serious disease. Some industry leaders have organized a mild and ineffectual voluntary program in hopes of warding off possible legislation. However, there are no existing laws requiring licensing of cosmetics manufacturers, premarket testing of new products and ingredients, disclosure of ingredients to the FDA or even precautionary labeling. Nobody really knows how many cosmetics manufacturers there are, what they make, what ingredients they use or what damage their products might cause.

Under the obsolete Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act of 1938, the FDA can only take action to seize or restrict a product *after the fact*, after consumer complaints and other sources show that the product is harmful and after enough evidence has been assembled to prove in court, if necessary, that the product should not stay on the market. Assembling such proof can be very difficult, since the FDA has no power to require the manufacturers to supply test results, files or other evidence—even if a product is suspected of being harmful. Most soaps and hair dyes, which have caused many harmful reactions, are exempt from the 1938 act altogether.

"I get letters from lots of people asking, 'How dare you let that product on the market?' " says Heinz Eiermann, director of the FDA's Bureau of Cosmetics Technology and the agency's senior cosmetics expert. "The trouble is, not only can't I stop it but I often don't even know the product exists. Right now, we don't have the statutory authority to require anything." In fact, cosmetics has such a low priority within the FDA that the cosmetics division's budget of $2.5 million is only 1 percent that of the agency as a whole. The cosmetics industry, meanwhile, last year spent some $600 million on advertising.

Even though he spent 19 years as research director for the Shulton cosmetics division of American Cyanamid before joining the FDA in 1973, Eiermann is quite worried about what he doesn't know. "You have vinyl chloride one day, chloroform the next," he says, "and you wonder what else is out there. A lot more has to be done. There should be more assurance of safety."

At the moment, spirited debates are raging over the alleged harmful effects of such cosmetics as talc products and hair dyes. The Cosmetic, Toiletry and Fragrance Association (CTFA), the industry's aggressive, Washington-based lobby, has combated such assertions with studies of its own purporting to show the products are completely safe. "You shouldn't ban products outright and cause severe dislocations in the industry just because a particular scientist has expressed a particular point of view," argues Dr. Norman Estrin, the CTFA's vice president for science. Yet the FDA lacks the resources, the regulatory authority and, say some critics, the will to determine whetner the CTFA's claims are valid or simply analogous to the pathetic, self-interested protestations of the American Tobacco Association that no evidence exists linking cigarette smoking to cancer.

The cosmetics industry's position, as the CTFA told Congress, is that it is "proud" of its safety record and that the "overwhelming proportion" of cosmetics injuries are "mild and transient" and "represent the irreducible minimum of idiosyncratic reaction." Says CTFA president James Merritt, "Our industry has a vested interest in putting safe products on the market. A whispering housewife can kill any product overnight." The extensive litany of banned products and ingredients, and the evidence of injuries that are anything but mild and transient, serve as impressive refutation of the industry position. But even this evidence must be viewed in the

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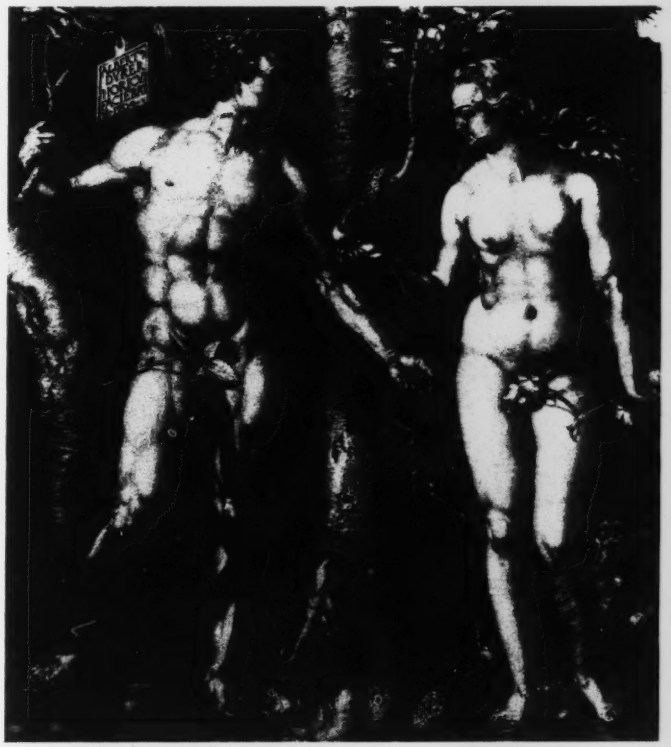
Foot powders	20,860,000
Toothpastes and powders	493,540,000
Mouthwashes and gargles	260,590,000
Breath fresheners	42,890,000



Figures prepared by Product Management Magazine

adding, "It's worse than no legislation at all because it would give people the erroneous impression that cosmetics were now really being regulated."

While Congress deliberates, there remains no federal law to prevent you and me from mixing a bathtub full of whatever noxious chemicals we wish, bottling the concoction and marketing it coast-to-coast as "Miracle Shampoo"—even if scientific evidence clearly shows our shampoo's ingredients can cause serious disease. Some industry leaders have organized a mild and ineffectual voluntary program in hopes of warding off possible legislation. However, there are no existing laws requiring licensing of cosmetics manufacturers, premarket testing of new products and ingredients, disclosure of ingredients to the FDA or even precautionary labeling. Nobody really knows how many cosmetics manufacturers there are, what they make, what ingredients they use or what damage their products might cause.

Under the obsolete Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act of 1938, the FDA can only take action to seize or restrict a product *after the fact*, after consumer complaints and other sources show that the product is harmful and after enough evidence has been assembled to prove in court, if necessary, that the product should not stay on the market. Assembling such proof can be very difficult, since the FDA has no power to require the manufacturers to supply test results, files or other evidence—even if a product is suspected of being harmful. Most soaps and hair dyes, which have caused many harmful reactions, are exempt from the 1938 act altogether.

"I get letters from lots of people asking, 'How dare you let that product on the market?'" says Heinz Eiermann, director of the FDA's Bureau of Cosmetics Technology and the agency's senior cosmetics expert. "The trouble is, not only can't I stop it but I often don't even know the product exists. Right now, we don't have the statutory authority to require anything." In fact, cosmetics has such a low priority within the FDA that the cosmetics division's budget of $2.5 million is only 1 percent that of the agency as a whole. The cosmetics industry, meanwhile, last year spent some $600 million on advertising.

Even though he spent 19 years as research director for the Shulton cosmetics division of American Cyanamid before joining the FDA in 1973, Eiermann is quite worried about what he doesn't know. "You have vinyl chloride one day, chloroform the next," he says, "and you wonder what else is out there. A lot more has to be done. There should be more assurance of safety."

At the moment, spirited debates are raging over the alleged harmful effects of such cosmetics as talc products and hair dyes. The Cosmetic, Toiletry and Fragrance Association (CTFA), the industry's aggressive, Washington-based lobby, has combated such assertions with studies of its own purporting to show the products are completely safe. "You shouldn't ban products outright and cause severe dislocations in the industry just because a particular scientist has expressed a particular point of view," argues Dr. Norman Estrin, the CTFA's vice president for science. Yet the FDA lacks the resources, the regulatory authority and, say some critics, the will to determine whetner the CTFA's claims are valid or simply analogous to the pathetic, self-interested protestations of the American Tobacco Association that no evidence exists linking cigarette smoking to cancer.

The cosmetics industry's position, as the CTFA told Congress, is that it is "proud" of its safety record and that the "overwhelming proportion" of cosmetics injuries are "mild and transient" and "represent the irreducible minimum of idiosyncratic reaction." Says CTFA president James Merritt, "Our industry has a vested interest in putting safe products on the market. A whispering housewife can kill any product overnight." The extensive litany of banned products and ingredients, and the evidence of injuries that are anything but mild and transient, serve as impressive refutation of the industry position. But even this evidence must be viewed in the

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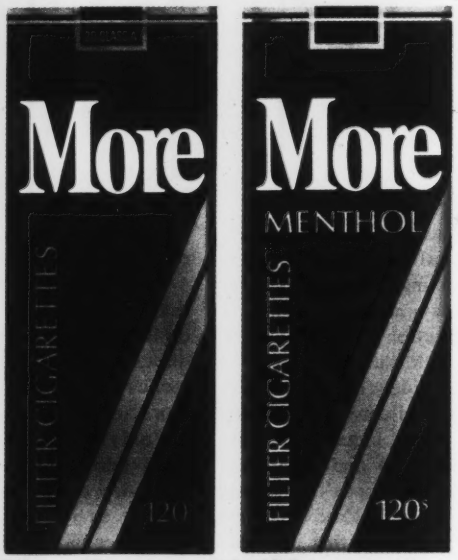

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FILTER: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

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context of the absence of any federally supervised testing program or mandatory organized system for gathering cosmetics injury data.

That there may exist a vast amount of unreported injuries was suggested by an FDA survey last year of 10,050 households. Based on perceived adverse reactions recorded in diaries of cosmetics use during a three-month period, 589 reactions were judged by dermatologists as either definitely or probably caused by a cosmetic. The highest number of reactions was produced by deodorants/antiperspirants, soaps and hair sprays/lacquers—$1.5 billion a year businesses.

The study was denounced by the industry (and by some dermatologists), mainly on the grounds that the dermatological diagnosis was made by telephone conversations. Though the FDA is working on a more ambitious follow-up study involving in-person examinations by dermatologists, Heinz Eiermann defends the study as "the best of its kind that has ever been developed." The main reason for the industry's ire was that the FDA study's adverse-reaction rate was 400 times the rate reported by cosmetics concerns. Due to underreporting by participants, said the report, "The number of real incidents confirmed by dermatologists . . . may represent a 'minimum' number above which there is a substantial number of additional reactions with unknown degrees of cosmetic relatedness and severity." As it stands, were the study extrapolated to the population as a whole, it would suggest hundreds of thousands of reactions.

The injuries reported by the FDA study were only those actually perceived by users, most of which involved allergy-related responses. Missing were long-term, systemic effects on the body from chemicals such as hexachlorophene and vinyl chloride, which are less perceivable and potentially more dangerous. A great deal is known about which cosmetic ingredients produce topical allergic reactions, and virtually all major cosmetics manufacturers routinely test for skin irritation. But investigation into the long-term effects of most cosmetic chemicals has been cursory at best.

The basic reason, other than inhalation, for these long-term effects is the high absorption rate of many cosmetics. Most of us believe that cosmetics applied to the surface of the skin eventually evaporate or are rubbed off. In fact, studies of organic compounds similar to those used in cosmetics show rates of absorption into the blood of as much as 60 percent. If the skin is cut, or protective layers are stripped off by certain cosmetics which claim to "purify" the skin, the absorption rate is even higher.

"Investigative dermatologists have stated there is no cosmetic ingredient that does not go through the skin," says Heinz Eiermann. "The real questions are: How much of it gets through? Where does it go when it gets inside? Does it go right through and come out the other end without change? Or is it stored somewhere in the body, and if so where? Or maybe it's metabolized, which means its molecules are changed and broken down. It may be safe when it goes in, but when it gets inside it may become unsafe. But we just don't have enough information on this. We don't know what these ingredients do."

PHOTOGRAPH BY DIANA WALKER/I AM A CAMERA

FDA's Eiermann: "You have vinyl chloride one day, chloroform the next, and you wonder what else is out there. There should be more assurance of safety."

"I don't see any cosmetics bill getting through this year unless you have a scandal, a real horror story," says one lawyer

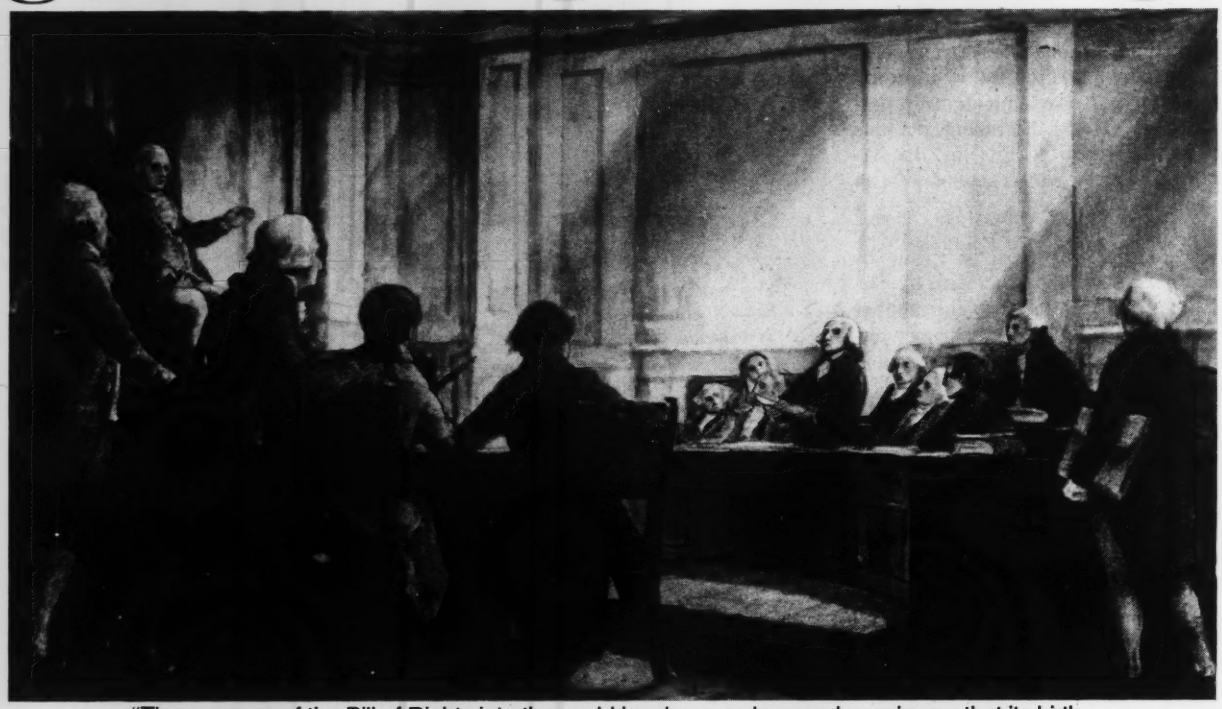
The director of Gillette's research laboratories has conceded, "The cosmetics industry, in evaluating their products, has been more concerned over the possible local primary irritancy reaction that can occur than with the possibility of systemic absorption and toxicity." As they are being absorbed into the body during years of use, it is quite possible that one or more common cosmetic ingredients may be steadily increasing the risk of cancer. At the current level of cosmetics testing, we probably wouldn't find out until a lot of people started dying, and perhaps not even then.

Defensive of the industry's safety record, cosmetics spokesmen feel that if their products sometimes prove hazardous, they are no different from other accouterments of modern life. "People fall off bridges and drown," says James Merritt of the CTFA. "But we still build bridges and use water." Others suggest there is a big difference between bridges and water, which are necessities, and deodorants and moisturizers. "You have to look at the risks and benefits," says Heinz Eiermann. "A lot of drug products are risky, but they offer benefits. Cosmetics serve a certain psychological function, but they are not really necessary. They don't provide any health or nutritional benefits. On that basis, there shouldn't be any risks associated with their use."

"Everyone has a right to his or her fantasies," says Nancy Chasen, an attorney with Consumers Union in Washington who has closely followed cosmetics regulation. "If cosmetics make me feel good, I think that's a good reason for buying them. I think it's fun to get dressed up and put on a lot of makeup. But I don't think I should be put in the slightest peril if I do so."

Reducing that peril is the basic intent of the Eagleton bill now before Congress. The latest in a series of proposed cosmetics reform measures dating back

"It was an event of a certain moral splendor, but the witnesses to the scene could hear no golden trumpets sounding."



"The progress of the Bill of Rights into the world has been so long and wearisome that its birth last week seemed almost routine, like the approval of some measure to clean a public well."

The last moments before passage of the Bill of Rights were sheer semantic drudgery, the months of controversy winding down in the drone and murmur of deletions and word changes.

By now the Bill of Rights is so revered that we think of its birth as perfect and painless. Perhaps the greatest value of TIME's second Bicentennial Issue—the one for the week of September 26, 1789—is the evidence it gives that there was no magic in America's creation; only the capacities, which we still have now, to resolve discord and confusion with clear thinking and hard work.

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to 1971, it grew out of the concern of Nancy Chasen, who was then on Eagleton's staff, and aide Marsha McCord, who convinced Eagleton, a member of the Health Subcommittee of the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, of the need for a new law.

The legislation would require cosmetics manufacturers to register with the FDA, submit lists of products and ingredients and report complaints received from consumers. All cosmetics would have to list ingredients and appropriate cautionary information on their labels.

The most important and controversial part of the bill, however, concerns testing. The original version of the bill introduced in 1973 expressly would have required manufacturers to test new products for safety and submit test results to the FDA prior to marketing. The FDA would have had the authority to stop distribution of any product whose safety was not substantiated by the tests.

Cosmetics firms protested strongly. Despite the industry's record in resisting overwhelming independent evidence that products posed severe health risks, and in opposing the FDA when the agency became sufficiently exercised to issue a ban, Avon Products still maintains, "We are certainly in a position to best determine the nature and extent of testing our products require."

In response to the industry reaction, the testing portion of the bill was considerably toned down. Under the latest version of the bill, manufacturers would still be held responsible for the safety of their products and the FDA would be empowered to require submission of data. But as a general practice, manufacturers would be only mandated, before marketing products, to have on file evidence from which "it can reasonably be concluded that the cosmetic is safe" under normal use. That evidence could be derived simply from a search of the literature. The FDA would not be able to require new testing to substantiate safety except through an elaborate rule-making process that could involve lengthy trial-type procedures.

Consumer groups are sharply critical of the new testing provision, and point out that the production of safety substantiation evidence would essentially be controlled by manufacturers. According to Anita Johnson, an attorney with the Health Research Group, "the idea of letting the manufacturer in the privacy of his plant conclude that safety has been shown is ridiculous and dangerous." Consumers Union terms the bill's safety substantiation section a "sham," noting the lack of an affirmative burden on the manufacturer to generate data supporting the safety of its products.

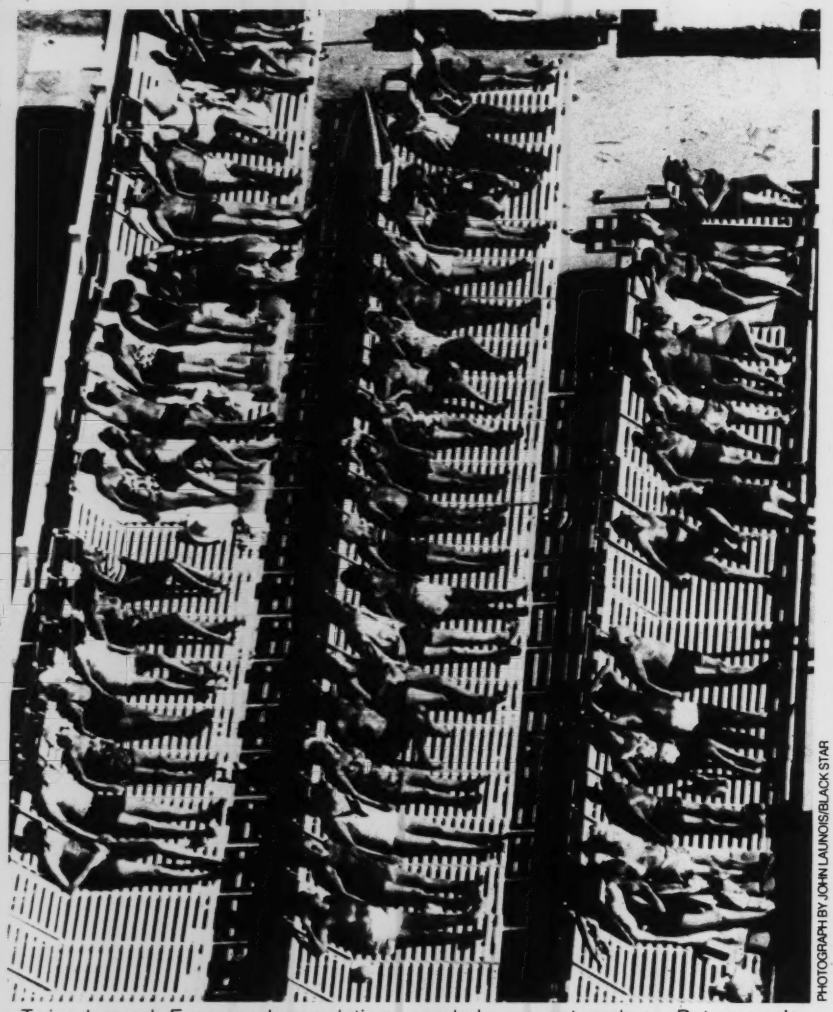
Consumers Union's Chasen: "If cosmetics make me feel good, I think that's a good reason for buying them. But I don't think I should be put in peril if I do so."

Despite Eagleton's concessions—he recently remarked he had met 95 percent of the industry's objections to his earlier bill—the CTFA and most cosmetics concerns continue to oppose the bill, fearing the FDA with its new power would encroach upon carefully guarded industry prerogatives. Said the CTFA: "The bill is, in careful disguise, both an invitation and a mandate to the FDA to embark upon the premarketing approval of cosmetics, a system that is unwise, unwanted and unnecessary."

To combat the bill, the CTFA has organized a two-prong strategy. One involves heavy Capitol Hill lobbying, including a campaign by the 386 cosmetics concerns in the CTFA to convince local congressmen of the deleterious consequences for their home districts if the legislation should pass. The 60,000-member National Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association launched a protest against removal of the hair dye exemption from the legislation, but hair dyes are covered in the latest version.

The second tactic has been acquiescence by manufacturers to some mild FDA reform moves and development of a voluntary self-regulation effort. The idea behind these concessions is to take pressure off the industry by giving way on the least objectional reforms while at the same time holding the line against more onerous measures.

One of the concessions has yielded relatively positive results. When the FDA, under the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act, announced a regulation in 1973 to require cosmetics to carry ingredient labels, the industry, claiming labeling was costly and unnecessary, objected strenuously and forced the FDA to back off. Among other things, the industry feared labeling would permit buyers to value-shop, to stop buying a $20 cream if they could get a $1 product with the same ingredients. But after winning important concessions from the FDA, such as exemptions for "trade secrets" and specific flavors and fragrances (even though flavors and fragrances include some of the worse allergens), most manufacturers now accept labeling. "We think it's an idea whose time has come," says James Merritt of the CTFA. (The Eagleton bill would require ingredients to be listed in alphabetical order. This would not be as helpful to consumers as the labeling suggested by the FDA, which would list ingredients in descending order of predominance.)



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LAUNOIS/BLACK STAR

Twice burned: Everyone knows lotions can help prevent sunburn. But no one's sure what rashes or long-term effects may be caused by chemicals in the lotions.

Unless a rear-guard court action by a trade group of small manufacturers is successful, all cosmetics sold after November 1977 will have to carry ingredient labels. And unless a manufacturer has in his files proof that his product is safe, he will have to add to the new label: "WARNING: The safety of this product has not been substantiated."

Other industry concessions have been more cosmetic than real. The CTFA, with the FDA's cooperation, organized a campaign involving voluntary registration of manufacturers with the FDA, submission of product formulations and reporting of adverse reactions received from users. Unfortunately, although the CTFA sought industry support, participation has been thin.

The industry has been especially reluctant to submit adverse reaction information. The number of firms participating in this part of the program has declined steadily from a high of 139 to 104. Among firms that, according to the most recent tabulation, are refusing to tell the FDA about consumer complaints are Max Factor and Estée Lauder—two of the largest companies in the women's field—and Alberto-Culver, one of the leading hair-products concerns and producer of FDS.

Sherwin Gardner, deputy commissioner of Food and Drugs, was candid about the voluntary program in a recent speech to the CTFA: "Unfortunately, that program lacked a single vital element. It just didn't work. I believe that in failing, considerably more was lost than our ability to better assure the safety of cosmetics. Industry credibility was at stake—and didn't make it."

While attempting to revive the voluntary program, the ever enterprising CTFA is promoting a new, shrewdly designed safety substantiation program involving literature searches and analysis by an "expert" panel. The CTFA hopes to give the program a veneer of impartiality and has even secured FDA cooperation. Cosmetics manufacturers would have little to fear from the results; under the CTFA's plan, the industry would direct and finance the study, choose the expert panel and generally perpetuate its self-serving control over the determination of cosmetics safety. According to Georgetown law professor Joseph Page, a close observer of cosmetics regulation, the program "smells of foxes and chicken coops."

Voluntary programs run by the foxes, however, may be all cosmetics users will ever get. Even if the Eagleton bill passes the Senate this summer, it probably will face a serious roadblock in the House. Florida Democrat Paul Rogers, chairman of the Subcommittee on Health and the Environment and a staunch ally of business, has generally resisted strong consumerist drug reform legislation. And even if some version of the bill is enacted, special appropriation for the FDA would have to pass as well. Its budget already stretched to the limit, the FDA says it lacks the money—an estimated $4.1 million a year—to enforce the Eagleton bill.

With a few notable exceptions, most consumer groups, meanwhile, seem uninterested in cosmetics reform. Even women's organizations, whose members would seem to have the most to gain, appear to be more concerned about more dramatic health issues, such as abortion and birth control.

"The climate is not good for this sort of regulatory initiative," says Joseph Page. "There is a real backlash against government regulation. I don't see any cosmetics bill getting through this year unless you have a scandal, a real horror story." It required the horrible thalidomide tragedies to bring long-overdue drug regulation in the 1960s.

Missouri Congresswoman Leonor K. Sullivan, who for years has been vainly trying to close the loopholes in the 1938 act, recently summed up the cosmetics reform problem: "How many more years are the consumers of this country going to stand for such a monumental threat to their well-being? Must we wait until someone markets a product of such heinous harmfulness that enough people are seriously enough injured—blinded, or scalped, or burned, or blistered, or denailed, or subjected to blood or kidney or liver or other internal injuries—to force Congress to legislate effective cosmetic controls? . . .

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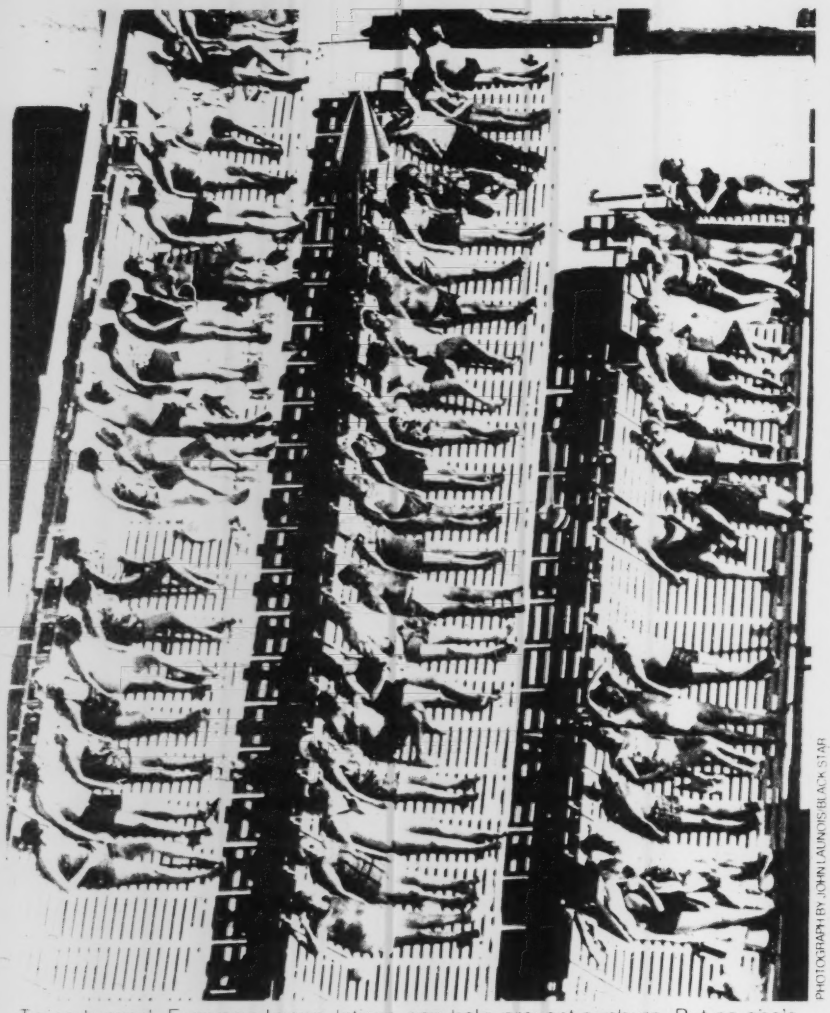

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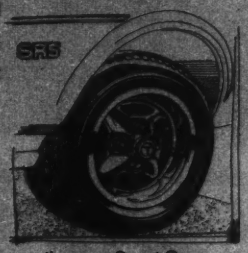

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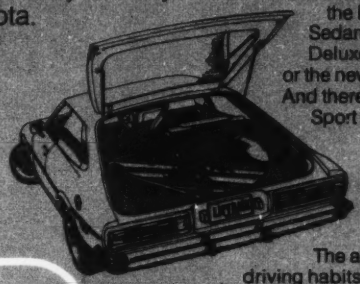

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ILLUSTRATION BY HIGGINS BOND

REDNECK ROCK

By Robert Ward

The vanguard of country music is flourishing in Austin, Texas. But behind the studied "outlaw" images, singers such as Jerry Jeff Walker, Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson often ply the safe, commercial ground they once sought to escape

The out-of-work mechanic with the beer gut, and the four turquoise rings, and the Gene Autry (pink and lime green) cowboy shirt with real pearl buttons, and the National Saddlery boots (hand-stitched by Charley Dunn), and the mutton chops, and the straight-back greased-down hair, and the big rhinestone belt, is stomping his heels and pounding his motor-oiled hamhock on the bench. "Bring on Jerry Jeff. Jerry Jeff. Jerry Jeff. Play 'Redneck Mother,' Jerry Jeff!"

The object of all this frenzy is Jerry Jeff Walker, a late 30s, ex-folkie artist turned progressive country rocker. Up on the big stage here at Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin, Texas, Walker is twice as drunk, twice as wild and twice as "cowboy" as his audience. He has a dark dark beard, a cowboy shirt that hangs out to conceal his growing beer gut, a big ten-gallon hat and National Saddlery boots (hand-stitched by Charley Dunn). In his hands he holds a guitar.

He stands perfectly still, raises his arm and smiles like a goofy, tranquilized cow, and the 4,800 people at Armadillo World Headquarters go wild.

"'Redneck Mother,' Jerry Jeff."

"Hi ho buckaroos," Jerry Jeff says, and the show is on.

He is weaving and bobbing and staggering about, stoned on coke, grass and uppers, but he's still sober enough to belt out Ray Wylie Hubbard's country-rocker classic "Up Against the Wall Redneck," popularly known as "Redneck Mother."

So it's up against the wall redneck mother
Mother who has raised her son so well
He's 34 and drinking in a honky-tonk
Just kicking hippies' asses and raising hell.

On the word "hell," the whole crazy audience of Austin shit-kickers, bikers, farmers and graduate students

throw off their cowboy hats, shriek and hoot, kick up their heels and start in buck-dancing.

Jerry Jeff Walker smiles his happy puppy grin again, takes another hit of Johnny Walker, trips on the mike chord and falls backward over the cables. Oh Christ, he's out of it again. He's going to fall through the drums like he did a couple of months ago at Castle Creek.

But not tonight. Not at the Armadillo! In the knick of time, Jerry Jeff rights himself and staggers, laughing, back to the mike.

"I'm rallying and fading, buckaroos," he says, laughing.

The audience cheers wildly. They love him here in Texas. In Houston, Jerry Jeff and singer/songwriter Willie Nelson easily outdrew The Who. In Dallas, at Nelson's Whiskey River Club, Nelson, David Allan Coe or a visiting outlaw-country rocker like Tompall Glaser can sell out the house every night of the month.

But it's Austin that all the new progressive country musicians really love. There are over 400 bands in Austin right now, and the level of musicianship is both lyrically and musically sophisticated. The new country-rock may occasionally deal with the old country staples—divorce, the bottle, bad luck and hard women—but it also confronts less provincial American themes, like the closing of the frontier and the coming of the machine age to a small Texas town.

All of this good news on the Austin scene started in the late sixties when a number of singer/songwriters, mostly Texans who had moved to the big urban music centers like L.A. and Nashville, decided that they needed to get off of the commercial songwriting treadmill and go back to their own roots. So around 1968, many of these folks found their way back to Austin. And back to country.

In the early sixties, these same musicians had scorned country music as ignorant and silly and hideous. If you were a young hip Texan, country was music for rednecks, something you wanted to get away from. It took The Byrds' *Sweetheart of the Rodeo* and a little-known album by former Kingston Trio member John Stewart (*California Bloodlines*) to give ideas to the prodigal sons of Austin. Soon, musicians like Michael Murphey (best known for his songs "Geronimo's Cadillac" and "Backsliders Wine"), wild folkie Jerry Jeff Walker, esoteric mountain musician Bobby Bridger, talking jive artist Steve Fromholz and a host of others were experimenting with traditional country music tunes, but writing lyrics that expressed their own visions of things. The visions were more complex, ironic and articulate than those of the older, uneducated country musicians. These talented singer/songwriters then joined forces with local rock 'n' roll musicians, fiddlers and banjo pickers to start a new hybrid form. It was at once lyrical, topical and personal, while retaining the hard-thumping, hard edge of rock 'n' roll. During a typical performance of The Lost Gonzos, Jerry Jeff Walker's current backup band, you could expect to hear a country beat, a jazz break, a tasty rock lick or two, some down-home fiddling and all of it played faster and harder than mere country.

For several years Austin became a place where musicians could gather, learn and cooperate. The scene was one in which, according to Austin musician Bobby Bridger, "personal growth and the music always took precedence over cash and success."

Perhaps the best example of a musician who found himself in Austin is that of middle-aged Nashville songwriter Willie Nelson. Nelson had been pumping out songs for other people for 15 years and had made a pile of loot. Everyone from Johnny Cash to Perry Como had cut Nelson's songs. Yet Nelson was a frustrated man. His own singing career had never progressed beyond a cult following, and he was sick to death of the business parties, the back-stabbing and the hypocrisy of Nashville. So in the late sixties, Nelson moved to Austin. That may not sound like much, but in Nashville music circles it was considered tantamount to slitting your wrists and locking the bathroom door. Nelson's friends besieged him. He was making money. He was popular. Why had he grown his hair long? Why did he hang around with hippies and Commies? What would happen to him in Austin? Nelson, as uncertain as anyone, simply knew he could stand no more. "Nashville almost broke me," he says now. "I had to go. No matter what."

"Nashville almost broke me," says Willie Nelson. "I had to go. No matter what"

To his surprise, Nelson met scads of talented musicians in Austin who felt as he did. It wasn't long before he had given up his Nashville-Bible salesman look for good and was seen smoking joints, wearing a red bandana around his forehead, drinking Lone Star beer and eating nachos with the local crazies. Instead of fading away, his career boomed. He came out with new songs, new records. This past year he had his greatest hit ever, "Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain," and when Bob Dylan brought his Rolling Thunder Revue to Houston recently, Nelson played with them for a night. His subsequent album, *Red Headed Stranger*, has won all sorts of awards, including Best Country Album of the Year.

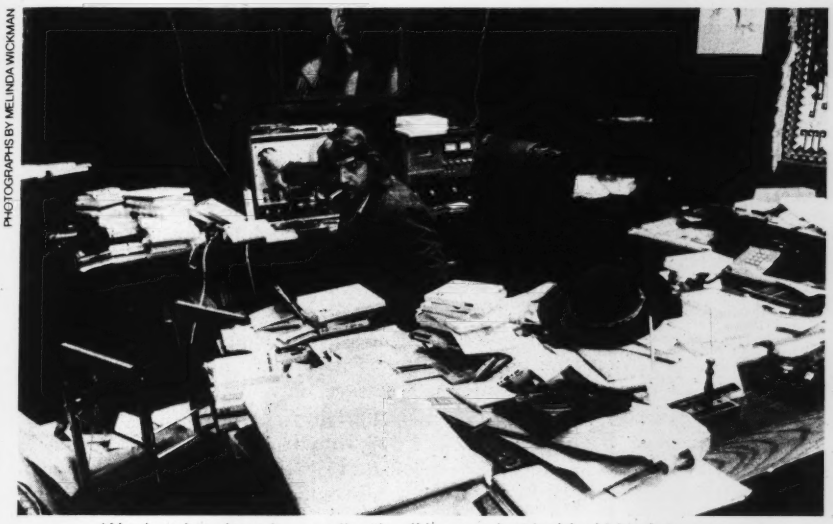
Nelson and the other Austin singers have become so popular that their very success has threatened the purity they sought. Music leader and Austin idol Michael Murphey recently left town, complaining that the scene had been taken over, like Nashville before it, by business freaks, record wheeler-dealers and hustling managers. Sure enough, calls flood into Moonhill Productions, Austin's top booking agency, every day. But even though Moonhill handles some of Austin's most popular artists (Rusty Wier, B. W. Stevenson, Denim, Asleep At The Wheel), there is a great deal of bitterness between the company and some of the Austin musicians who haven't forgotten why they came back to Austin in the first place. "I don't want to live in Music City, U.S.A.," says Bobby Bridger. Moonhill is certainly not the only business enterprise to see dollar signs. Nashville singer Waylon Jennings, whose career was finally launched by picking up on the cowboy, Rough Rider image, wants to open a recording studio in Austin, and there are a dozen other people with similar ideas. (Right now, Austin has only one recording studio, Odyssey Studios.) And, of course, the media have not been slow to pick up on Austin either. *Rolling Stone* and *Crawdaddy* have been paying close attention, and just last month *Oui* magazine featured a rave article about the town.

The Austin pictured in the media, however, is one that many Austinites abhor. They feel that the "cosmic cowboy-outlaw" image that Walker, Nelson, Jennings, Murphey, David Allan Coe and endless hordes of imitators are spreading is exactly what the town and its music don't need.

"I can't stand that stuff," says Austin artist Jim Franklin. "I remember when Rusty Wier was a hippie who laughed at country music. Now he wears a cowboy hat, and in between his songs he tells stories about being out on the range or down in the barn. It's embarrassing."

Other critics of the scene see more serious implications. "It's a bunch of crap, this cosmic cowboy bullshit,"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MELINDA WICKMAN



Waylon Jennings has an "outlaw" image, but behind his cluttered desk in Nashville, it's strictly the corporate cowboy.

After 15 years of writing hits for other Nashville performers, Willie Nelson moved to Austin and became a star himself.

says ex-Austinite, country music singer/critic Dave Hickey. "They get up on the stage and come on like bad-asses. Most of these guys like Jerry Jeff Walker have never been near any real violence."

Delbert McClinton, a terrifically talented rhythm and blues singer/piano player who has spent a lot of time in Austin, agrees. "You see all these cowboys singing about kicking hippies' asses, and people like Edgar Allan Coe (McClinton's name for David Allan Coe), who jumps off the stage screaming, 'I can kick the shit out of any man in the bar,' and it makes you want to get sick. I mean, I been playing honky-tonks all my life, and I've seen real violence, and there ain't nothing cool about it. I saw one man rip another man's stomach out with a beer bottle, and lemme tell you . . . it was about as far from cool as you can get. I don't relate to this cowboy ass-kicking stuff. It's cheap and it's dangerous."

Austin Comes to Nashville

If critics were becoming disillusioned by the pyrotechnics, the performers themselves were becoming disenchanted with the music environment in Austin. Even a diehard like Jerry Jeff Walker went back to Nashville to record his latest album.

A doper and rambler from Oneonta, New York, Walker had come to Austin in the late sixties and found the perfect backup in The Lost Gonzo Band, a group of Texas rock musicians who were experimenting in the new country rock mode. In 1970 the group holed up in a little barn in Luckenbach, Texas, put up bales of hay for baffling and spontaneously cut what many people still think is the best album to come out of progressive country: *Viva Terlingua*.

The album, fine as it was, promised even greater things for the Gonzos, and Jerry Jeff. It sold well over 300,000 copies, and it looked as though Redneck Rock was on its way to national launching. The next album, however, *Walker's Collectibles*, was a major disappointment. The tunes were half done, and only a few, such as "The Last Showboat," were really distinguished. Worse, the record sounded as though it had been produced in a wind tunnel.

In fact, it was this thicket of problems which brought Walker up from Austin to record his newest record with the expertise and consistency that only the studio musicians of Nashville can provide. Thus, it was in a darkened control room in Quadrophonic Studios in Nashville that I found the best-known Austin musicians. What's more, they weren't playing but sitting around in the booth and hallways, while the Nashville professional studio men did the larger burden of the work. The irony of all this was not lost on the Gonzos' keyboard player, Kelly Dunn, who explained to me how Austin had come back to Nashville: "The first album, *Viva*, was just the perfect combination of all the right forces. Jerry Jeff was UP. We had a casual outlook. It all happened by accident. On 'London Homesick Blues,' that crowd reaction you heard was all spontaneous. But on *Collectibles* . . . things fell apart. Jerry Jeff was out of it, got pissed off at himself and was like a bear . . . he drinks a bit, you know. He came into the studio shaky and stoned, and with the songs half learned, and in some cases half written. Oh, it was the worst!"

"Is that why *Ridin' High* (Walker's last album) was cut here at Nashville with studio musicians instead of Austin?"

Dunn nodded and looked downcast.

"Yeah, to be frank, it was sheer panic time. So he didn't want to give Odyssey another chance. When you come up here and use the studio session men, you know exactly what kind of product you are going to get. Kenny Buttry, Wendall Miner, Bobby Thompson, David Briggs, Johnny Gimble and Norbert Putman have been playing together on so many sessions so long they have it down to a science."

"How does it make you and the other boys feel to be shoved aside?"

Dunn shrugged, and sucked in on his joint. "How do you suppose it makes us feel? Kind of useless."

Through the glass window I could see Jerry Jeff sitting on a stool, strumming his guitar. Around him were the Nashville Pros, the studio men who make over $100,000 a year playing sessions. All of them are virtuoso performers, and the work they were doing this night was nothing short of superb. Walker had just finished cutting a tune called "Some Day I'll Get Out of These Bars," a sad, beautiful song about an old honk performer who knows he'll never be a star. His pathetic refrain, "Some day I'll get out,/Some day I'll get out," had been handled with remarkable sensitivity by both Jerry Jeff and his sidemen. Yet, there *was* something missing. The song sounded almost too produced, the steel guitar seemed too prominent, too whiny in the grand old soap opera tradition of steel bathos. It was good but it wasn't the Austin sound at all. The energy and enthusiasm of the early records were missing.

During the break I walked out of the studio and into the crowded little dimly lit foyer, where the studio men refreshed themselves with Coke, cigarettes and coffee. Kenny Buttry, Nashville's leading session drummer, was curled up in a chair:

"Same old thing," he said glumly. "1,2,3,4. It gets dull as hell sometimes. I don't know why they call this stuff progressive country. There's nothing progressive about the beat. I was in a real progressive country band with David and Norbert, and some other people. We were called Area Code 615, and we mixed jazz with rock and bluegrass. We were really good but we were before our time, I guess. The country deejays wouldn't play us because we were too funky, and the funky rock deejays wouldn't play us because they said we were too country. Wheww!"

Buttry shook his head and tapped lightly on the chair's arm.

"I been playing sessions since I was 14. I've played with everybody, including Dylan. I played on *Blonde on Blonde* and *Nashville Skyline*."

"How do you like playing this session?"

Buttry shrugged his shoulders.

"1,2,3,4," he said.

The Outlaw's Roost

The image Jerry Jeff Walker, The Lost Gonzo Band, Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, David Allan Coe and

"I've seen real violence, and there ain't nothin' cool about it. I don't relate to this cowboy stuff"

countless other would-be stars from Austin (and Nashville) like to promote is that of the hard-riding, fun-loving, vaguely tragic, two-fisted cowboy. Jerry Jeff is a perennial good time boy with flashes of sensitivity, while Waylon Jennings is a rugged but aging buckaroo who is often heartbroken but still fights the good fight. (If that sounds vague, it's because it is. Pop images are carefully chosen to look like anything one wants them to be. Thus Jennings could either be a drunken sot who has lately cleaned up, a good man who has been wronged or a tough-assed hillbilly with a heart of gold. Choose whichever cliché gets you through the night.)Willie Nelson is a late-blooming fatherly sort of hippie-cowboy with a beatific smile. David Allan Coe, with his rhinestone earrings on the one hand, and his ultimate machismo on the other, is an extreme example of both sides of the "Sensitive ass-kicker" which all these "outlaws" romanticize and exploit.

For it is the Desperado, the Bandito, the Outlaw which is the common denominator for all the new cowboy-country singers. Not only do they dress like cowboys, but some of their most memorable work deals with the same timeless, romantic myths. Walker sings Guy Clark's "Desperados," which equates the love of a young boy for his father figure with the love of "two desperados waiting for a train." Jennings sings "Slow Movin' Outlaw," a tune that tells us about an old cowboy who is being shut out of the Wild West ("Where does a slow movin'/Quick drawin' outlaw/Have to go?").

And David Allan Coe simply sings of himself: "People all say that I'm an outlaw. . . ."

It is the stuff that has made legends of the James Gang and the Daltons. It is the myth that made Sam Peckinpah a rich man. Though it's corny and hokey, it's also irresistibly American. Still, there is a dark side to all this posturing.

One young Austin singer had this to say about the outlaw image:

"It's just a lot of crummy jive. As people feel more and more trapped in their lives in this country, with their dull lifeless jobs, boring family lives and hopeless inflation, the music industry tantalizes them with these images of fake rebels to look at."

Similar sentiments were expressed to me by Neil Reshan. Known as "Mad Dog" for his negotiating toughness, Reshan manages Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings. In a telephone conversation I had with him, Reshan was quite candid about the "outlaw" bit:

"Shit," he said. "You couldn't find two guys who are less like outlaws than Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson. They are such homebodies that they will travel only on weekends. The rest of the time they like to be in their swimming pools with their families. It's all a bunch of horseshit really. But if the public wants outlaws, we'll give them outlaws."

David Allan Coe and Willie Nelson get together at Nelson's 4th of July picnic.

Sure enough, the new cowboy singers live in the plushest, tackiest bourgeois luxury. Jerry Jeff Walker, for example, lives in a beautiful $65,000 suburban-styled home outside of Austin, complete with modern kitchen, fireplace, sliding paneled doors, swimming pool and basketball court.

In between takes at the studio, I asked Walker about his house.

"Yeah, I got all that, but I threw my color television set in the swimming pool."

That one incident is reported again and again in article after article on Walker. The disparity between myth and reality was brought thumpingly home when I visited Walker and his friends at

Jerry Jeff Walker lives in style in an Austin suburb. He and Willie Nelson can outdraw The Who in Texas.

his suite in the Spence Manor, Nashville's plushest hotel. Catering especially to rich country music stars and record company executives, the Spence Manor costs $40 a night; there are no "Rooms To Let, fifty cents" at the Spence, only exclusive three-room suites. Bums, transients and desperados need not apply.

The night I joined a party in progress at the Walker suite, Jerry Jeff himself was still at the studio, but his friends, Texan Guy Clark ("Desperados," "L.A. Freeway" and now his first album, *Old No. I);* his wife, Susannah Clark; also a budding songwriter, Dick Feller ("The Coin Machine"); Nashville songwriter Dave Loggins (who scored big last year with his hit record "Please Come to Boston") and his wife; and TV and record star Jim Stafford ("Spiders and Snakes," "Bill") and his girlfriend, Debbie, were enjoying themselves snorting cocaine, smoking pot, taking speed and drinking Jack Daniels.

"Let's call Room Service and order a whole bunch of hors d'oeuvres," Susan Walker said.

"Is M.C.A. paying for it?" Guy Clark asked.

"Right!" Susan said. "Of course."

She declined the cocaine but accepted a joint.

Guy Clark picked up the guitar and began to strum. Deborah looked over and stared at Clark sitting there half-poised to play.

"Oh. . . play 'Desperados' . . . please play 'Desperados' . . . . "

Dick Feller, a short pudgy man, nodded seriously.

"Guy's version is great," he said. He then started to sweat a little and looked over at Susan Walker.

"I mean . . . I like Guy's and Jerry Jeff's, of course . . . they're different."

Like everyone else, Feller cannot afford to alienate Walker, on whose albums he often plays. The session money is too good.

"You couldn't find two guys less like outlaws than Jennings and Nelson. They're such homebodies that they'll travel only on weekends"

Susan Walker gave her Pepsodent uptown-Dallas smile and nodded her head.

"Guy's version is a monster," she said.

"A monster," said Dave Loggins.

Guy went into a rather ragged, coked-out version of the song, and in the chorus everyone joined in:

"Like desperados waiting for a train."

Even in the Spence Manor under the influence of booze, coke and dope, Clark made the song come alive.

At the song's conclusion, everyone fell silent for a moment.

After the pause, Jim Stafford began explaining his musical aesthetic to me.

"Think Pop," he said. "I have a sign that says 'Think Pop' on my office door."

"Money, money, money," Susan Walker said. "That's the name of the game!"

"Makes the world go round," David Loggins said.

"Think Pop," Jim Stafford said. "Say, who's got the coke?"

David Allan Coe

Of all the new cowboy rockers to hit the scene, the fastest-rising and most infamous is David Allan Coe. His press release makes him sound like the Definitive Outlaw, and Coe himself has gone to pains to establish his identity as authentic. According to Coe himself, he "spent most of [his] life in institutions, orphanages, reform schools and jails." This career grande reached its zenith in the early sixties, when Coe was supposedly arrested for burglary, put in Ohio State Prison and there murdered a man. According to the legend, Coe then got out, receiving a pardon because no one knew he had committed the prison crime and because Johnny Cash heard his songs and intervened on his behalf.

Coe came to Nashville in the late sixties, bummed around the streets, hanging out with the Outlaws, a band of motorcyclists not unlike the Hell's Angels. His first hit record was a single written for Tanya Tucker, the teenage recording star. The song was called "Come Lay with Me in a Field of Stone," and it proved that beneath the wild, ambitious and unpredictable presence there was a real talent—sensitive, intelligent, even lyrical.

Coe, however, chose not to go the straight and narrow path—firmly establishing oneself as a songwriter, then cutting an album. He figured he could cut years off his apprenticeship by becoming the baddest, the meanest, the most dangerous outlaw of them all. Where Jerry Jeff was boyish, and Waylon and Willie Nelson were older and obviously playacting, Coe would be the real McCoy, a murderer! Soon he had a new act. David Allan Coe—The Mysterious Rhinestone Cowboy. He took to wearing rhinestone suits and black masks, which made him look like Zorro. Huge, ugly rhinestone earrings hung from his right

ear. He'd show all those shit-kickers and Austin creeps who was a bad-ass! In gig after gig, Coe won publicity by challenging the audience to fight him, by mocking Waylon Jennings ("He's just a greaser") and by doing devastating imitations of Jerry Jeff's goofy, friendly smile. Though traditional country fans despised him, Coe got his share of the young, hip audience who loved the new rock sound in country. And he also got another type of fan, the kind who cares nothing for the music but gets faint with excitement at the possibility of spilled blood.

I was sitting in the Exit Inn watching the last set of the David Allan Coe show. Tonight Coe was dressed relatively conservatively in a denim jacket, Levis, cowboy boots and a big black hat. The rhinestone in his ear shimmered in the night lights. Behind him his band of young Austin-Houston-Tennessee rockers were pouring out the hard-pounding, driving new country sound, while Coe sang his newest hit, "Long Haired Redneck."

"People all say that I'm an outlaw," he wailed.

On the word "outlaw" the entire front rows of people stood up at their tables, raised their glasses and bottles and screamed!

"You tell 'em, David. Outlaws, you tell 'em!!"

These enthusiastic fans were the Outlaws, Coe's old motorcycle gang, and they were a terrifying if predictable sight. Leather jackets, beards, goggles, iron crosses . . . they stamped and screamed and pounded one another on the back.

Coe's voice, hoarse and rather puny to begin with, could barely be heard over the incredible wailing of the guitars, the pounding of feet on the floor.

After his last song, Coe went through a side exit to the outside. He was staggering wildly, and the Outlaws all got on their head gear and trailed after him. I put on my jacket and walked out among the crowd of screeching bikes and screaming, drunken men.

"Gonna ride my hog over the hill. Gonna ride all the way to the mo-tel," Coe shouted.

"You can't ride, David," a short Outlaw said, holding Coe around the middle to keep him from jumping on his big Harley.

"TAKE THE BUS TO THE MOTEL," a fat, powerful-looking Outlaw yelled, his little red eyes burning like a mad razorback's.

"Gonna ride my hog," screamed Coe.

He did not get on his bike. Instead, he half fell up the steps of his big bus, which had his name in foot-long black letters on the side.

I followed him on the bus and met a man who claimed to be a childhood friend of Coe's.

"David's real drunk," the man said. "But he's not that drunk!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, he's just putting on an act. He won't really ride the hog to the motel. He just wants to let them talk him out of it."

"I see. And did he really kill anyone?"

"Hey," the guy said. "You're a writer, aren't you?"

"Yeah."

"Are you the guy who wrote the exposé in *Rolling Stone*, the one that said David Allan wasn't a murderer?"

"I never heard of that."

"Good. I think a cunt wrote it, anyway. She said David Allan wasn't a murderer at all, that he was only in on possession of burglary tools."

"David Allan Coe has been in institutions all his life. He's an ex-murderer and a real outlaw. He ain't like a lot of these phonies, ya know?"

Suddenly, the little Outlaw with the set jaw of a frothing dog sat down beside me.

"David's a real outlaw," he said, smacking his fist into his palm. "You a writer? You ought to come with us to the motel. You can ask him all about it."

"Okay. Is he driving his hog?"

"No," the little man said, hitting his fist into his palm again. "He's going in his limo."

The bus floated through the Nashville streets and stopped at the James Thompson Motor Inn. I got out and walked with Tommy (the Outlaw) and Coe's old friend, Bobby.

"It's on the fourth floor."

We climbed the steps and walked down a long motel corridor. Looking over, I noticed it was a good 75 feet to the parking lot. At the door, Tommy waited for me.

"Come on in, writer."

"Sure."

I felt frightened by his tone—soft, but mocking. I had assumed that there would be women, other musicians and whiskey. But there was none of that. Instead, there were Outlaws, about 15 of them, sprawled around the room. I looked at their eyes, which were all trained right on my own. In the exact center of the group, like some ancient fertility god, David Allan Coe sprawled on a bed. On his lap was an ugly, trashed-out looking woman, who was laughing insanely.

Behind me the door snapped shut.

"This here is the writer," someone said in a steel-wire voice.

Everyone was totally silent.

"The writer who wrote that shit about David Allan not being an outlaw!" someone else said.

I felt my breath leaving me and tried to laugh it off.

"Hey, c'mon you guys. I didn't write that stuff."

A short, squat, powerful man, the same Outlaw I'd seen screaming at the Exit Inn, came toward me.

"You wrote that shit, did you?"

He reached in his back pocket and pulled out a 5-inch hunting knife.

"Hey, wait now," I said.

He started flicking the blade at my jacket, my arms and my jaw.

"Stick him and throw him over," someone yelled.

"Got to stick the wri-ter," said a long, bony-looking man with a broken nose and space goggles.

I looked at Coe for assistance. A dull, cruel smile passed across his face. He said nothing.

"Put the knife down," a voice said.

I turned and saw a big, bearded man coming out of the adjoining room.

"Everyone cool it," he said.

The man took my arm and guided me into the back room.

"I'm David Allan's brother," he said. "I jes want you to know that it ain't like this most of the time. It's jes that the boys are a little sticky about the *Rolling Stone* article. If you're gonna write something, you be sure and correct that shit now, heh? David Allan has been in institutions all his life. He's an ex-murderer and a real outlaw. He ain't like a lot of these phonies, ya know?"

"Yeah," I said. "I got the picture."

Waylon Jennings

Of all the singers in the new country scene, Waylon Jennings easily has the best voice. For years he had recorded at RCA under Chet Atkins' supervision, and for years everyone in Nashville

thought he would be the star to make the big crossover into the all-important Pop Market. It never happened. Instead, Jennings' albums (seven of them) were marred by the very thing that had sent so many excellent singer/songwriters packing off to Austin. Instead of emphasizing Jennings' rich Texas voice, his incredible phrasing and texture, the albums were strictly one-shot, treadmill productions. No matter that a song would be better with a lone steel guitar or a simple rock lead. At Nashville RCA, everything was turned out in the same dull fashion. It wasn't until Jennings left Nashville RCA and cut *Honky Tonk Heroes*, an album entirely written by Texan Billy Joe Shaver, that he finally really made use of his greatest asset: his voice. Stark, simple and full of longing for the past, the album is a classic of progressive country. Songs like "Honky Tonk Heroes," "Slow Movin' Outlaw" and "Rose of a Different Name" come at the listener unencumbered with girl choruses, violins and foul-sounding Al Caiola Romantic Guitars. Interestingly enough, it was on *Honky Tonk Heroes* that Jennings changed his image. Up till then he had been a slick-backed, clean-cut country boy who posed staring off moodily into the sun. On *Honky Tonk Heroes* a new Jennings emerged—the "Outlaw" Waylon Jennings. Complete with beard and black shirt with white pearl buttons, he posed at a glass-strewn table with his band and the three-fingered Billy Joe Shaver. Since that time Jennings has become one of the most popular acts in the country. Right now, his new anthology album, *Outlaws*, is riding high on the country and pop charts. The album features a wanted poster on the front and pictures of Jennings; his wife, singer Jessi Colter; Willie Nelson and Tompall Glaser, whose own band is called . . . *The Outlaws!*

I met Waylon Jennings at his huge, walnut-paneled office at Glaser Brothers Studios in Nashville. A large, powerful man with deep creases in his face and wide, sensitive eyes, he exudes old-fashioned John Wayne-variety manliness.

As we began to talk, Jennings' secretary came in and gave him a plaque. He had won yet another award as Best Male Singer of the Year.

"Put it somewhere," Jennings laughed. He sat down behind his walnut desk. There were three phones on it, and every couple of minutes they lit up. I couldn't help but think of the incongruity of a man who sings of the last trains and the last gun fights, sitting behind a desk with three white phones and ten red hold buttons on them.

"How do you feel being a cowboy on the one hand and a businessman on the other?"

Jennings shook his head.

"I used ta not like it, but hell, Hoss, if I don't take care of business I'd still be out making those turkeys for Chet. You see, I had to become a businessman or I wouldn't have survived. I been on the road since Kitty Wells was a Girl Scout! I did 300 days a year on the road for 11 years. On pills . . . I was being destroyed."

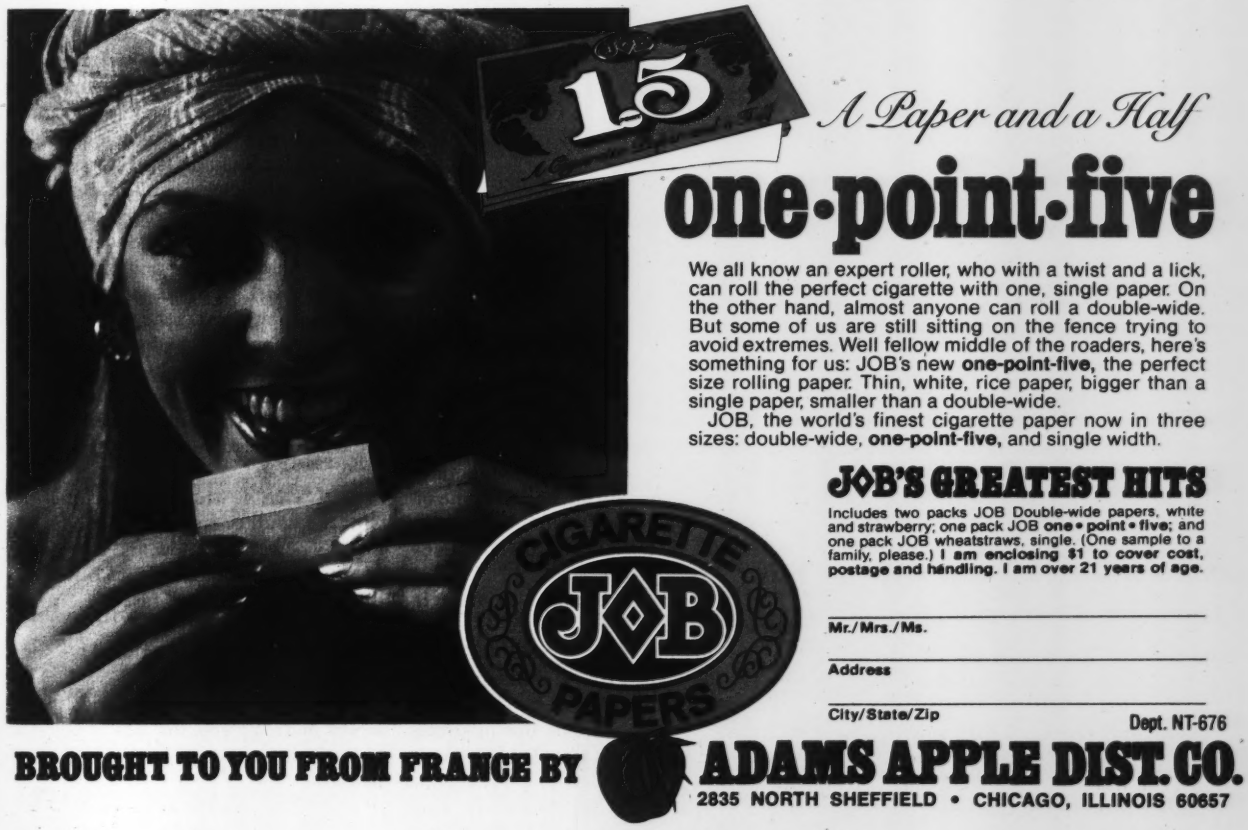
"What's all this outlaw stuff now? Isn't it being over-killed?"

Jennings struck a thoughtful pose.

"Yeah, I suppose it is. I don't know where it comes from. I think the fans gave it to me. I was the first outlaw, you know."

"I thought Jerry Jeff Walker was."

"Hell no," Jennings said. "I was the first to buck Nashville . . . not that I have anything against those boys. They just don't ask the artist what he thinks. No, Walker picked up on it after me . . . but you know what?"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Jennings leaned across his desk and peered at me with hugely earnest eyes.

"He never has made it. You know that, doncha?"

"What of David Allan Coe?"

I related my story of the knife threats.

"Well, that beats all," Jennings said. "He's crazy. He thinks he's bucking the system, but the test is whether you can play what you want or what they tell you to play. I have control over my life."

Suddenly Jennings looked startled and asked what day it was.

I told him the date.

"Oh God. I missed Valentine's Day. I got to call Jessi and get her some flowers and candy."

A second later Jennings was on the phone with his wife.

"Hello darling. . . . Yes, I love you and I'm sorry I missed Valentine's Day. . . ."

The Promised Land

"The thing is we might have reached a saturation point with the cowboy-outlaw bit around here, but nationally it's still an open ball park."

The speaker is Tom White, a pale-faced, balding young man who introduced himself as the publisher for many of the best new Austin groups and single acts—acts like Steve Fromholz, Rusty Wier, B.W. Stevenson, Denim and Asleep At The Wheel. The location is Moonhill Productions, Austin's only major booking agency.

"Do you think of the music as an art form?"

White smiled and shook his head. "No. I tell all my people to think hits."

He got up from his office desk and walked over to a tape machine.

"Music is capitalism," he said. "When I was in college and all this outlaw rock scene was just starting around here, it was true that people wanted to get away from it all. And it was also true that people felt that country-rock was maybe gonna be the next art form. I used to think that Jerry Jeff Walker and Michael Murphey and Willie Nelson might be the Hemingways and Faulkners of our generation. But it's not true. The form is too limited. It's something like a commercial. You can get startling effects, but they don't last . . . they can't be built in, only repeated, with minor variations . . . so, practically, I think that it's a shit heap. Right now, Moonhill Productions is on top of the heap, but basically it's all still shit."

"But some people, like Walker and Nelson, really have done remarkable things with the music."

Tom White shook his head.

"Yeah, that's what amazes you. As crummy and corny as it all is . . . all this outlaw business . . . there still is good work being done in the form."

I said goodbye to Tom White and made my way out through the office. On the wall were pictures of Rusty Wier in a cowboy hat and beard, Steve Fromholz in a cowboy hat and beard, B. W. Stevenson in a cowboy hat and beard.

"The second generation of Redneck Rock?"

"Yeah," Tom White said.

Bobby Bridger

Bobby Bridger is a 32-year-old Austinite who left Nashville in 1968. He came to Austin because of the dream, that it was a place where a man's talents wouldn't be wasted, where he wouldn't be run to death.

"I used to think Jerry Jeff and Michael Murphey and Willie Nelson might be the Hemingways of our generation. But the form is too limited. You can get startling effects, but they don't last"

At El Rancho Restaurant, he drank a Carta Blanca and shook his head.

"Tom White . . . Moonhill. . . . They say the forms are no good, but the forms are fine . . . fine . . . if they would just leave them alone! Let them be. But the worst thing is what the musicians themselves have done. The term 'outlaw' is now anathema to me. At first, it was fun, maybe it even meant something, but now it's become a completely synthetic term. You're an outlaw if you wear a cowboy hat and a couple of turquoise rings. I don't call those creeps 'outlaws,' I call them Cowboy Babbitts."

"Aren't you tempted to make it yourself?"

"No! I was doing well at Nashville in the sixties for Monument Records, but I came here to be somebody different . . . we all did. But in seven years, I've seen most people bitten with the success bug. It's not just a few people . . . it's most of them. A few aren't. Willis Ramsey and Townes Van Zandt . . . Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson . . . they are both good musicians, but instead of finding their own way, too many of the younger kids are jumping on their bandwagon."

"What should they be doing?"

"Finding their own voice," Bridger said, shaking his head.

"I don't like Jerry Jeff personally, but I'll say this. He is his own man. His songs reflect his personality. Now people like Rusty Wier and the younger crowd . . . their music reflects a commercial myth . . . I mean originally country-rock united the two cultures, hillbillies and hippies. That was when it was good. Now they are trying to turn it into this big macho American John Wayne trip. It's Nashville all over again. Real talent gets devoured, reshaped, remolded . . . all for the sake of money."

As we finished eating, Bridger told me how he was still hanging on, living cheaply out in the woods in a place called Commanche Trail.

Later, we sat in my hotel room and listened to a tape Bridger had brought with him. A startling original work called *Jim Bridger and the Seekers of the Fleece*, the form is a country-epic. Chapters of spoken rhymed couplets are alternated with songs about a real mountain man, Jim Bridger (Bobby Bridger researched his life for three years). The actor Slim Pickens, a close friend of Bridger's and an amateur historian, reads the oral poetry. Bridger himself sings and he is backed up by The Lost Gonzos. The tape lasts for an hour. The story, though familiar, is compelling. Jim Bridger, a tough mountain man, a pioneer, goes West to find the new good place. He finds his Eden in the mountains, marries an Indian girl, but gets sucked into expansionist business schemes. In an attempt to "expand," he loses his world. I listened and was deeply moved. Bobby Bridger picked up the tape and smiled.

"Well," he said. "I guess you can see why I wanted you to hear that!"

"Yeah."

"That's what's happening now with the country-rock scene and to Austin. It's new, brand new, and there's a lot of energy. So much talent. But everything is moving too fast . . . people aren't thinking."

He put on his coat, and we shook hands.

"I love Austin," he said. "And I would hate to see the day when they come in here and do a movie about the place."

"You mean like *Nashville?*"

"Yeah," he said. "Like that." ●

Movies

Hustle

By Richard Corliss

"Are you here to buy or to sell?" The man asking the question on the airport bus into Cannes was a middle-aged Pakistani in search of action films for the Bahamian market. The young Hong Kong woman answering it was peddling American TV movies to foreign outlets. I don't know whether those two ever made a deal, but they certainly represented what the 30th Cannes Film Festival was all about. There are 35,000 producers, distributors, exhibitors, directors, actors, critics, prostitutes and other Beautiful People here for the 400-film fortnight. But no matter what our profession, we're all here to buy and to sell: movies, journalism, bodies, ideas, ourselves.

The big hustle—what has come to be known as "the Cannes game"—goes on everywhere. Movie ads can be seen on 20-foot-high billboards lining the main boulevard, mounted in the lobbies of the great hotels, streaming from airplanes that circle the beaches, on walls, sidewalks, T-shirts, everything but tattoos. Many of these movies will never be made—perhaps including *Queen Kong*, starring "Ray Fay" and boasting an illustration of a giant lady ape straddling a skyscraper with a trembling man in one paw and a burning bra in the other—but that only adds to the overriding sensation of the festival: that Cannes is one big movie, and most of us are bit players.

The town itself is one of the loveliest spots on the Riviera (spotless, too: a matronly woman was seen outside our hotel using a tissue to clean up after her dog), and during the festival it becomes a matchless spectacle of glamour and gaud. You can spend your sunny, 70-degree days ogling the topless, bottomless, flawless demoiselles sunning themselves on the private beaches. You can forage through a superb salade nicoise at the outdoor, centrally located Blue Bar, pretending you're not there to be seen (a cup of coffee costs about a dollar, but, as one veteran has observed, you're not buying a meal, you're renting a table). At night, if you've got an invitation or a lot of chutzpah, you can go to a yacht party for Anthony Quinn or a striptease show hosted by Harold Robbins. And then you can bullshit till dawn in the bar of the superposh Carlton Hotel.

Or you can see movies. Mind you, it may be less exhausting to party all night and sunbathe all day than to spend most of your waking hours (and some of your sleeping ones) in the score of theaters and projection rooms that offer every form of celluloid experience from the comic-strip sadism of *Ilsa, Harem Keeper of the Oil Sheiks* to the frigid anticinema of Marguerite Duras. With perhaps a dozen new films starting every hour, you tend to become as demanding as a jaded TV-watcher with an automatic channel selector. Does that Cuban agitprop documentary about the fall of Chile strike you after five minutes as inept or boring or confused? Then bolt next door for the hard-core horror film *Spermula* (ad line: "Some women suck other things than blood!"). It's not the ideal method for finding quiet, demanding, ultimately rewarding films. Under circumstances like these, Antonioni or Ozu might never have held an audience past the opening credits. And this endless cycle of high hopes and quick disappointments can drive Cannes journalists to despair about the future of the cinema—at least until that Ugandan movie tomorrow that everyone says is just marvelous.

Because Cannes proceeds at a resort's leisurely pace (three hours for dinner, including an hour to wait for the check), the town is ill-equipped to handle the crush of conventioneers. The mob scenes before some of the more popular screenings suggest a cross between *The Day of the Locust* and *The Night of the Living Dead*. Journalists, who supposedly have priority in getting into the films, have "PRESSE" stamped on their identity cards, and that's exactly what they're expected to do: press through the crowd, with a flurry of elbows and multilingual imprecations, until they reach the Promised Land of yet another mediocre movie. Critics with the strongest of constitutions have found Cannes less a carnival than a charnel house, and headed for home. So it helps to be a little crazy to survive here. What follows is a report from one of the certified.

MARVIN LICHTENFELD GROSS AGENCY

Robert DeNiro and Bernardo Bertolucci on the set of *1900*. The film, which covers a half-century of Italian history, ran 5 hours and 20 minutes at the festival, but U.S. audiences are bound to see a shorter version.

The American contingent could hardly have known in advance, but for them Cannes was largely over before it began. The most delightful film shown at the festival was *That's Entertainment, Part 2;* the most exciting was *Taxi Driver,* to which the International Jury (headed by Tennessee Williams) awarded the Golden Palm for best film. Runner-up places went to *Cry Crows,* directed by Carlos Saura and starring his wife, Geraldine Chaplin, and Eric Rohmer's *The Marquise von O.* Prizes for best director, actor and actress went to a UNESCO olio of Italian, Spanish and Hungarian entries.

Each Cannes festival has its shares of themes and trends—and its share of critics to discover or invent them. In the past few years, succeeding taboos have been sundered with numbing regularity. In 1974 every third movie had some explicit reference to excrement; last year, the breakthrough was for fellatio; this year it's mutilation, including two or three on-screen castrations. One of these films, Nagashi Oshima's *Corrida of Love,* was also among the most serious and satisfying films at Cannes. Using the front-page story of a bizarre love affair in 1930s Japan between a gangster and a geisha girl, Oshima blends tenderness and brutality, spontaneity and ritual, love and revenge into a tragic, savory brew. Rigorously passionate, *Corrida of Love* is that rare hard-core film that sees its characters as more than the sum of their private parts.

But eroticism is not the most pervasive tendency among the serious European cinema at Cannes (or at least among the European cinema that's taken seriously here). I think it was Nabokov who called parody the dominant literary form of the twentieth century; and the mood of straight-faced burlesque, with a little Brechtian distancing thrown in, has dominated the recent films of such festival favorites as Rainer Werner Fassbinder (*The Bitter Tears of Petra Von Kant*), Jacques Rivette (*Celine and Julie Go Boating*), Werner Schroeter (*Golden Flakes*) and Daniel Schmid (*La Paloma*). These directors have embraced what is most restrictive about old Hollywood films—the corny plot conventions—and discarded the American movies' vulgar vitality. The result is elegant, tongue-in-chic somnambulism, or what you might call divine decadence.

As one major director after another took tiny steps toward a timid success or took a triple gainer belly-flop into an empty pool, Cannes visitors' faces became lined with pessimism and fatigue. Eric Rohmer's *The Marquise von O* (which the French director made in Germany, and in German) choreographed a minuet of restrained passions around the Heinrich von Kleist novella about a German aristocrat at the turn of the nineteenth century whose inexplicable pregnancy forces her into social exile. The film is charmingly bittersweet, and Rohmer respects the feelings even of those characters (like the Marquise's father) whose moral standards could easily make them figures of fun today. But it seems a shame for the author of *My Night at Maud's* and *Claire's Knee* to make a scrupulously faithful adaptation of a story that challenges neither his talent nor his audience's expectations. When André Gide was asked to name France's greatest man of letters, he replied, "Victor Hugo, alas!" The opinion of too many Cannes journalists was that the best film here was *The Marquise von O,* alas.

LEDRU-COATSALIOM/SYGMA

Star-gazing is part of the game at the Cannes Film Festival: When Jeanne Moreau showed up for the premiere of friend Joseph Losey's film, *M. Klein,* so did the photographers.

With so many directors marking time, or losing it, you begin to respect the out-and-out movie megalomania of Bernardo Bertolucci, whose new film was the most eagerly awaited and controversial of the festival. Three years in the making and five hours and 20 minutes in the telling, *1900* uses the fortunes and misfortunes of two provincial lads (Robert DeNiro and Gérard Depardieu) to evoke and analyze almost half a century of Italian political and social history, from the summer of 1900 to Liberation Day in 1945. This plot mechanism has served *War and Peace, Something of Value* and dozens of schlock Civil War novels, and *1900* manages to embody all these influences, plus lots more from 500 years of art history and 50 years of movies. It's virtually an anthology of romantic and political impulses, heroic and undisciplined, a creature of mastodon proportions—Bertolucci's *Gone With the Wind* and *Potemkin.* But because it tries to be both, it succeeds as neither.

There's much to be said about the film (for a start: it should be seen, and without the two hours of cuts that Paramount is rumored to be demanding), and much more will be said when the film opens in America this fall. For now, a few polemical points are worth making: that an acute eye and a Marxist mentality can't always peacefully coexist; that there's no intrinsic reason to assemble a distinguished international cast (which includes Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden and Donald Sutherland) for so indigenously Italian a story; that a film as visually voluptuous as this still needs dramatic justification for each spectacular vista, each tortuous tracking shot, each homage to memorable scenes from Italian and Soviet cinema.

1900 is one of those great-sweep-of-history films that people call a "vast sprawling fresco," and in a way the description is apt. Bertolucci has painted a gorgeous panorama in which the human figures often seem frozen in ideological or compositional stances. But movies, unlike murals, are supposed to move. *1900* just stands there, menacingly, daring you to take it on its own terms. Bertolucci's film is like the festival it dominated—staring into itself with an indulgent cynicism that absolves without approving, and smiling ruefully at what might have been. Ah well, we can always hope for next year at Cannes. One producer promises us *Ilsa Meets Bruce Lee in the Devil's Triangle.*

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MUSIC

Jazz

A big band, a big label

By Frank Conroy

Thirty years ago jazz in this country was dominated by big band music. Hundreds of bands roamed the United States in buses and caravans, playing dance halls, theaters, college dates and county fairs. But changing patterns of taste and various economic factors gradually brought an end to the era. Few bands survived: Basie, Herman, Ellington, a couple others.

There are plenty of musicians, however, including players who weren't even born when Artie Shaw packed the Paramount, to whom big band music is still the great challenge, and for whom playing with 16 or 17 other guys is still the most fun. It isn't hard to understand why. Ensemble work requires discipline, technique and flawless sight-reading—there can be no faking. The voluptuous richness of sound, the sense of power and the mysterious group identity that can emerge in terms of meter make playing in a big band a unique musical experience.

Down at Willy's, a bar on Eighth Street in New York, a bunch of musicians gather every Tuesday night to play big band music for the sheer fun of it. These are studio men, for the most part, who make their living playing jingles and TV music, or backing up singers on recording dates. Tuesday night is a holiday, and they put all (or almost all) thoughts of money aside. The leader and arranger is a 40-year-old trumpet player named Dick Cone who has more or less given up on his horn to write.

"We started in '68," Cone told me. "The personnel has changed, of course, but that was the real beginning. We used to play in the back room of Charlie's on Fifty-Second Street." Eight years is a long time to keep a de facto nonprofit organization going, and Cone gives the credit to the players. "What keeps it together is their desire to keep the big band idiom alive. There are very few places where guys get to play this kind of music."

Cone learned his music early. His grandfather was a cellist with the Cleveland Symphony, and he remembers wandering through rehearsals as a kid. By the time he entered Ohio State he was already writing jazz charts. He dropped out of college in 1955 and made his way as a player, arranger and copyist. He ran afoul of the federal government, however, back in the days before marijuana had been assimilated into American life, and served 20 months in federal prison at Danbury. "I couldn't get music paper, but they let me have large sheets and a ruler, and I drew in the staves. By the time I got out I had 12 good charts. We still play some of them," Cone explains.

Cone continues to make his living by arranging and copying, but his passion is his band. "I love those guys," he says. "We've got 40 players ready to come in if somebody can't make it." His pride is justified. The night I heard them the band was playing beautifully—precise attack, controlled dynamics, a nice balance between the sections and a powerful, swinging beat. Cone's arrangements are traditional, with modern touches. The pleasure they give is not the pleasure of a new sound, but the satisfaction of hearing fresh reinterpretations of a familiar sound.

The Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band, which has played the Village Vanguard on Monday nights for ten years, has the same sort of history—superb players working for next to nothing, simply for the experience. Cone is not quite as ambitious in his writing as Jones, but the two bands, are trying to do different things and shouldn't be compared too closely. Suffice it to say that anyone who likes one is bound to like the other.

* * *

The recording industry is now so enormous, and its influence on American life so pervasive, it is hard to believe how young it is. The story of Herman Lubinski, for instance, sounds like ancient history, and yet it was not so long ago. Lubinski has been described as a loud, vulgar man who made a bundle in the thirties selling vacuum tubes and electronic parts. In the wake of the recording ban (a period of several years when it was against the law to record most professional musicians), Lubinski decided to go into the record business. The major labels at that time did not deal with black music, a policy that lasted until the early fifties, and Lubinski cornered the market. Without knowing a thing about jazz, he stumbled into a virtual monopoly during a period of time many scholars describe as the richest decade in the history of American music. Lubinski became a multimillionaire with Savoy, the most important jazz label of all time.

Mr. Lubinsky died two years ago. For quite some time Savoy had been more or less dormant—the records in print were poorly distributed, and no organized attempt had been made to evaluate the library. Clive Davis of Arista bought the whole catalogue and formed a special team of four jazz experts to handle it: Erv Bagley from Riverside and Blue Note, Steve

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Backer from Impulse, jazz historian Bob Porter and Mary Lou Webb, a specialist in black and avant-garde music. These four lucky people got to sit around for six months listening to everything Savoy has (or almost everything—apparently they're still finding things). There is enough music to release eight double albums every two months until 1980, if they so choose. Judging from the first releases, Davis' team knows what it's doing. The 16 records, which are *not* electronically hyped, state the Savoy territory and include various good groups from Harlem in the forties, Bird, Lester Young, Erroll Garner, Milt Jackson, Yusef Lateef, Cannonball and John Coltrane. Sidemen (!) include Lucky Thompson, Kenny Clarke, Tommy Flanagan, Louis Hayes, Curtis Fuller, Dizzy, Miles, Max Roach, Horace Silver, Paul Chambers, Count Basie and Freddie Green.

Everyone will have his favorites from this set, but mine is the two Coltrane records. These cuts come from a 1958 session with trumpeter Wilbur Harden and give us the great tenor man at the brink of what was to become his "sheets of sound" style. Coltrane the bebopper is here beginning to explore the possibility of moving home base from the familiar scales into the harmonically once-removed modes and scales in which he eventually chose to express himself. If one plays the Coltrane of the '55-'56 Miles Davis quintet, of these Savoy sessions and of *My Favorite Things*, one after the other, the man's growth is laid out plain as day.

But all the Savoy material—some of which is being released for the first time, some for the first time on LP and some simply re-released—is very good. In fact, more than that. These first 16 records are a knockout.

****Shakti with John McLaughlin** (Columbia PC34162). Who has the guitar chops to play Indian music, at Indian tempos, with real Indians? John McLaughlin, that's who, and nobody else. It only gets two stars, though, because John lays out too much. The other guys are fine, but it's McLaughlin we want to hear for our money.

*****Tears For Dolphy,** *Ted Curson* (Arista AL 1021). Curson is back after working in Europe for a long time. Mingus told me "he's a very good trumpet player," and everybody knows Mingus doesn't say that sort of thing often. This record was recorded in Paris in 1964. It's fine. I'm waiting eagerly to hear Curson's new band.

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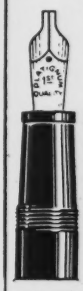

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Books

Topping the tank

By Geoffrey Wolff

The Franchiser *by Stanley Elkin.* Farrar, Straus and Giroux (342 pp., $8.95).

Nothing by halves for Stanley Elkin! *The Making of Ashenden*, his most recent novella, tells of a man raped by a bear who comes to enjoy the sensation. Vitality is Elkin's signature, excess his only comfortable measure. If his plots respect no boundaries, his language is all blue-sky venture, a mighty thrust of rocketry to launch conceits and unlikely likenesses far beyond the gravitational pull of common sense.

There is nothing common, nothing earthfast, about Ben Flesh, the franchiser of the title. He floats through American space in his sky-blue Caddy, along the freeways, over flybys and into the country, into its appetites. "I'm Mr. Softee," he says. "I'm the chicken from the Colonel . . . I'm the Fred Astaire man . . . I'm a cultured man. I'm One Hour Martinizing and the Cinema I, Cinema II in the shopping center. I'm America's Innkeeper, I'm Robo-Wash. I'm Benny Flesh. . . ."

As in Elkin's previous full novel, *The Dick Gibson Show*, the organizing principle of *The Franchiser* is growth, a kind of benign cancer, crazy increase and freakish reach. *The Dick Gibson Show* was a prolonged metaphor of communication, a radio talk show hooking just such an inspired chatterbox as Elkin himself to a nation of listeners. The connection in that novel, the network, was as magic a thing as fiction itself, and if it had a flaw it was its fear of a break in the line, its abhorrence of silence.

The Franchiser, too, is a noisy book; Elkin writes like a man onstage, with five minutes to work in all his bits and numbers, an entertainer with this one last chance, who sees from the corner of his eye an unsmiling impresario, ready with the hook. Not much time, then, for exposition: Flesh is at the Wharton School studying the practice of business when his godfather, dying, leaves him as a legacy the prevailing prime interest rate in perpetuity. Flesh can borrow cheap from the estate, and does, buying up franchises countrywide, becoming "the guy they build the access roads for." Appetite is the constant he serves, convenience his game. The fiction itself moves forward through an increasing prime rate (time is money, after all) as Flesh's body breaks down.

He has multiple sclerosis, a dandy disease for Elkin's bleak comic improvisations. He also has the care of his godfather's children, 18 of them, twins and triplets, "the sibs," ten of whom die as bizarre deaths as Elkin's

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

bizarre fancy can invent. Really: *19* principal characters! He makes extraordinary use of them, and especially of Patty, who speaks only in insights and epiphanies. As Flesh makes love to her at the Broadmoor, she begins to squeal and moan: "Have you ever noticed . . . how bottles of salad dressing are all the same shape, tall necks and wide, bell-shaped t-t-torsos?"

"Oh, God," Ben shivered. "Oh, God."

"And how," she panted, "the la-labels are the-these little collars at the neck, and the-these sh-shield shapes on the front and back, and how there's al-always a r-recipe?"

Now this kind of thing is not in accordance with classical notions of composition, of economy, of taciturnity. Like Patty, what Elkin notices he shares. What he notices is usually pleasing to be shown. Sometimes it is not. Never mind: he will not be denied. After a brilliant passage on the accident of existence, the miracle, as they say, of birth, comes this: ". . . You've got clothes, shelter, sex, what to eat—you know, the drives, the hydramatics of being, four on the floor and more where that came from." This is pushed past the red line, or to shift metaphors as casually as Elkin might, overdrive. So too this: "Itchy-kitchy Gucci, Pucci." And then this: "He was a sucker for seersucker, would have felt felt."

I suppose that I would rein Elkin in a bit, had I my druthers, but not at the cost of interrupting his great wash of invention and observation, his modification of reality. I would not for anything wish to lose Flesh's encounter with Colonel Sanders in New York. He licks the Colonel's finger, and the Colonel takes him to La Caravelle for lunch, and lapses into elegance, and reveals that he is not the Colonel, but an imposter, just as every franchisee is an imposter, a stand-in for the *real thing*. Just as Elkin's stand-up routines are such stand-ins.

Someone says to Flesh: "You sure got a hell of an imagination."

"No no. Really. What I have—what I have is total recall for my country. What I have is my American overview, the stars-and-stripes vision. I'm this mnemonic patriot of place. Look at a map of the U.S. See its jigsaw pieces? I know where everything goes." I'll buy that. Not the whole thing, perhaps, but most of it. The paradox too, for this patriot of place, this map-maker, begins his story in a gas station, paying the pump boy ten bucks to tell him where in the hell of these United States he is. Birmingham, the attendant tells him. "Michigan?" Flesh asks. "Alabama?" Alabama, he's told. "Ahh," Flesh sighs. An insight, an orgasm, a metaphor perfectly in place and right off the map. ". . . Pump me full of Premium," he tells the boy at fiction's end. The full tank is the only tank Elkin knows, and high octane the only fuel.

Food

The cultivated oyster/By Dava Sobel

"It is unreasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an *r* in their name to eat an oyster," William Butler wrote in 1599, and shellfish fanciers still honor his advice.

In fact, the scarcity of oysters in summer has fueled the rumor that the creatures turn mysteriously poisonous in *r*-less months. But oysters are *not* harmful during the summer; they're just busy reproducing. Most varieties become sexually active when water temperatures warm up, and their spawning drains their bodies and may make them gritty with larvae. By losing their gourmet appeal just when they're making the most of each other, oysters have saved themselves from being eaten to extinction.

Now, however, new sea farming or "aquaculture" techniques—practiced in Maine, Oregon and California—can provide live oysters on the half shell in all 12 months without compromising on flavor or future availability. The idea is to reproduce the animals in tanks of warm seawater under controlled laboratory conditions, and then put the young out to grow in cold currents off the coast. The chilly waters keep the oysters from spawning—dousing their erotic urges in a year-round cold shower.

Near the seaside resort of Blue Hill, Mark and Deane Richmond are raising the new Maine oyster. Although American oysters were native to the relatively warm waters of Maine's estuaries, they were fished out decades ago; the Richmonds are cultivating a European oyster called the *Belon*. In four years, the two brothers have brought their Maine Oyster Corporation from a part-time project to a full-time enterprise now marketing close to 400,000 oysters at the wholesale price of 20 cents each.

"The European oyster that we sell," Mark Richmond says, "has so much flavor that you eat it with nothing but a fork—and maybe a slice of lemon. It's much firmer than the American oyster, and quite salty." At the Oyster Bar in Grand Central Station, New Yorkers happily shell out 85 cents apiece for the Maine Coast *Belon* bivalves, slurping down as many as 2,000 in a week.

American and European oysters are actually different animals. American oysters may be called Blue Points or Cotuits or Lynnhavens, depending on where they're grown, but all are *Crassostrea virginica*. Some oyster mavens charge that the bland American oysters need smoking, stewing and special sauces to boost their flavor, whereas the pale green meat of the European oyster, *Ostrea edulis*, commands steeper prices because it is better quality table fare. In Paris the traditional *Belon* sells in restaurants for more than $1.25 apiece.

The European oyster is a cold-water animal and could not survive in most coastal areas of the United States. But in Maine, the same waters that yield tasty lobsters are proving to be prime sites for cultivating oysters. Five new commercial ventures will open in the state's infant industry this year, and a number of oyster lovers will plant "kitchen gardens" of shellfish for their own enjoyment. Local lobstermen are learning that oysters could become a profitable sideline.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN STONE

On a sea farm in Maine, 1,250,000 Belon *oysters are raised in "growing trays."*

On a 5-acre stretch of ocean that they lease from the state of Maine for $25 a year, the Richmonds now tend one-and-a-quarter million oysters. The animals live in 80 groups of vertically stacked screened boxes called "growing trays," feeding themselves on microscopic nutrients in the seawater. The major expenses for the Richmonds' operation are new seed oysters ($8,000 per million) and equipment. After the initial investment of $85,000, annual costs total about $60,000.

Left to themselves, as in Maryland's Chesapeake Bay, oysters will "set" on a piece of rock or shell. The adults spawn in summer and the young larvae swim freely until they find a place to spend the rest of their lives in sedentary growth. From September to March, Maryland fishermen harvest the oysters by scraping them off the bottom with various types of tongs or dredges. At its peak in 1885, the Chesapeake oyster catch was 15 million bushels. Now, because of over-harvesting and shore erosion, the annual catch is 2.5 million bushels, sold for $6 a bushel wholesale.

The ancient Romans pioneered the art of aquaculture by coaxing oysters to cement themselves on ropes suspended in sheltered waters. The Richmonds' technique, which they devised with marine biologists at the University of Maine's Ira C. Darling Center, is an amalgamation of many existing methods, modified to suit the Maine environment. Since the carefully selected brood stock is reproduced in a hatchery, the young can be coddled and protected until they are big enough for life in the bay, where screened growing trays keep the oysters in and predators out. The vertical stacks of trays can contain about 500 times as many oysters per acre as "on-bottom" techniques. The swift, nourishing currents and the uncrowded growing conditions help the oysters reach market size in about two years, as opposed to four or five years on the bottom. As a bonus, the shells develop perfectly, making them aesthetically appealing.

Despite the *Belon*'s virtues, Maine's commercial oyster industry is a small one, requiring too much labor to compete significantly with other suppliers. "Wild production" is still cheaper. But in the summer months, the cultivated oyster dominates the market. Richmond feels that public education will undermine the old proscription against eating oysters from May to August. And while the myths are being exploded, the truth will probably come out that oysters have no aphrodisiac powers. As for pearls . . . well, the suspended trays unfortunately limit the oysters' chances of swallowing sand. All the Maine *Belon* guarantees, its proponents claim, is the height of savor in the heat of summer. ●

Final Tribute

"Little Ole' Martha"/By Mark Goodman

"I don't believe in that 'no comment' business. I always have a comment."

That's true. Once she proclaimed herself the town shrieker of Washington, Martha Mitchell was never without comment. Brandishing the telephone receiver in one hand like the jawbone of an ass, and often waving a glass of spirits in the other, Martha became, quite literally, the *bête noire* of news desks across the country. If she was not calling the *Arkansas Gazette* demanding, "I want you to crucify Fulbright—and that's that," then she was ringing up the *New York Times*, or the *Washington Post*, or her most curious confidante, the level-headed Helen Thomas of UPI, or whatever bemused night editor would listen, and slapping them to with such startling pronouncements as, "My husband would like to take some of the liberals in this country and change them for Russian Communists."

She was, by her own designation, "Little Ole' Martha," and she played little ole' Martha to the riotous hilt in Nixon's sober-sided, paramilitary Washington. It was there that she blossomed like some aberrant plant in a fifties sci-fi movie. But there were wary hymns of what she was to be. Martha Elizabeth Beal was born and raised in Dogpatch country, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the daughter of a well-to-do cotton broker. She wouldn't hit a lick at a snake at school, but she loved the boys, and she loved to talk. The proof: that paradigm of show-and-tell literature, the high-school yearbook. Remember how personalities were characterized by book titles? Martha's was *Arms and the Man*. And those snazzy poems beside your graduation picture? Here's Martha's:

> I love its gentle warble,
> I love its gentle flow.
> I love to wind my tongue,
> And I love to let it go.

She didn't get the chance to let it go, not the way she wanted. You see, Martha Mitchell, a cute, chesty little thing in her day, was an actress *manquée* something fierce. But Momma wasn't buying it, and Martha was packed off to Stephens College in Missouri, an Ozark charm school where girls wrote papers like (seriously) "How I Managed My Oily Hair Last Summer." Martha left, took up water-skiing at the University of Miami and later tried teaching in Mobile, Alabama. She loathed it.

But she enjoyed working for the commanding general out at the arsenal, and finally accompanying him to Washington. Now *that* she liked, postwar Washington with its handsome, beribboned boys. She married Capt. Clyde Jennings, with whom she had a son (Jay, now 28). The marriage didn't take. Later, on a New York shopping trip, she met an affluent attorney named John Mitchell, whom she married in 1955.

WIDE WORLD

She settled down to suburban life in Rye, N.Y., a rock-ribbed Republican redoubt. When John got the call in 1968, Martha moved to Washington, where she found the stage she had pined after. Washington is the all-time company town, and what you do when you hit town—if you're going to be a honcho in the company—is bone up on the Byzantine intricacies of protocol and politics. Not Martha. Maybe she had the brains for it but plainly not the patience. It was easier—and lots more fun—to pile her pretty blond hair higher and higher and have Saks Fifth Avenue make up those ridiculous, bowling-alley sexy spiked-heel shoes with the strap in the back, and prance high through Capitol courts, flashing her dimples and wriggling her bottom. And saying naughty little things. She became the drum majorette of the Nixon Administration.

To defend Nixon republicanism meant to attack its detractors, and Martha did so with a cavern-mouthed vengeance. "Anytime you get somebody marching in the streets, it's catering to revolution," she said. "Adults like to be led. They would rather respond to a form of discipline," she said. "The Vietnam War protests look like the Russian Revolution," she said. Her withered magnolia voice ululated the Nixon anthem across the land, carrying the message more clearly for Middle American ears than Spiro Agnew's fruity rhetoric.

Martha was a caution, all right. One sedate Washington hostess unglamorously blurted, "I'm just embarrassed out of my socks that she's in my party." John Mitchell rather wanly referred to her as "my unguided missile." Still, she was just the different drummer the Nixon team wanted on the field: the President called her "spunky," and told her, "Give em' hell, Martha." Boy Howdy, was she ever having herself a high ole' time!!

The high ole' time ended on June 17, 1972. She was in Newport Beach, California, at the time of the Watergate break-in. According to her, five Nixon security guards burst into her room, tossed her on the bed, gave her a posterior injection of some sedative and yanked the telephone from the wall. On June 18, she managed to get the word out that she was, in her words, "a political prisoner." (McCord later verified this). She blamed Nixon for Watergate, and insisted that John resign as his campaign manager. She told Helen Thomas, "I love my husband, but I am not going to stand for all those dirty things that go on."

What dirty things? What could Martha possibly know? To speculate was high romance, but few people took her really seriously. That Martha. She will go on.

John Mitchell left her, of course, and did not bother to show up at New York's Memorial Hospital as she lay dying of bone cancer. But if she was a preposterous and ultimately pathetic little creature, give her this: she tried to tell us. With a telephone receiver in one hand and a glass of whiskey in the other, she first sounded the alarm, through every Middlesex village and farm. But she was too dippy and her message too dire. We did not listen to Martha Mitchell, and we paid for it. ●

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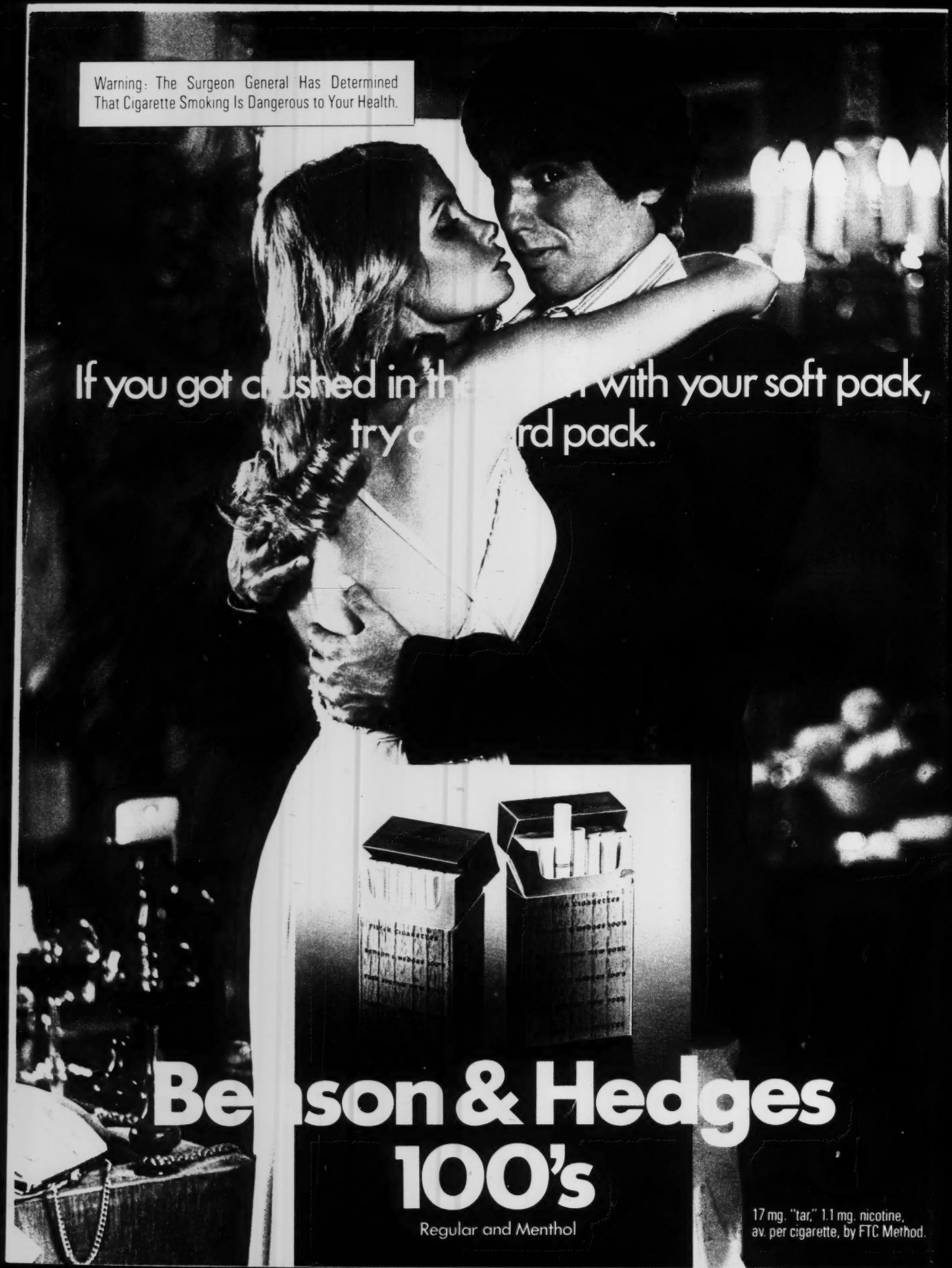
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